

# The Leader.

"The one idea which History exhibits as evermore developing itself into greater distinctness is the idea of Humanity—the noble endeavour to throw down all the barriers erected between men by prejudice and one-sided views; and by setting aside the distinctions of Religion, Country, and Colour, to treat the whole Human race as one brotherhood, having one great object—the free development of our spiritual nature."—HUMBOLDT'S COSMOS.

## Contents:

NEWS OF THE WEEK—	Page
THE INDUSTRIAL CONGRESS	406
Thackeray's Mayday Ode	408
Parliament of the Week	408
Election Affairs	409
Lord Clarendon and the Pope	409
The Protectionist Field-Day	409
Where shall we bury our Dead?	410
The Board of Customs and the London Dock Company	410
Emigration Miseries	410
Doings in the United States	410

The Poet Freiligrath	411
Personal News and Gossip	411
Smash in a Railway Tunnel	412
Crimes and Accidents	412
Miscellaneous	412
PUBLIC AFFAIRS—	
Mayday	414
Progress of Poor Law Reform	414
Army Reform	415
The War at Notting-hill	415
Board Law Illegal	415
Chartism in the Mouth of Whiggism	415

Why do you do it?	415
LITERATURE—	
Aretic Voyages	416
Poems by a Working Man	417
History of Homoeopathy	418
Books on our Table	419
PORTFOLIO—	
The Forester's Grave	420
Broad Stones of Honour	421
THE ARTS—	
Water Colour Society	421
New Water Colour Society	421

The Dramatic Week	421
Gottfried Kinkel's Lectures on the History of the Modern Drama	422
PROGRESS OF THE PEOPLE—	
Letters to Chartists	422
OPEN COUNCIL—	
To the Social Reformers of Britain	423
Prize Essay	423
The Priesthood	423
The Money Question	423
COMMERCIAL AFFAIRS—	
Markets, Gazette, &c.	424-25

VOL. II.—No. 58.

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1851.

PRICE 6d.

## News of the Week.

THURSDAY swallowed up the rest of the week, and on that day Hyde Park devoured all London; which ran, with the rest of the world, to the Exposition. Little else was talked of, except such things as could claim some collateral relationship with it—the *Soyer's "Symposium,"* the Archbishop of Canterbury as High Priest of the Exposition, the Duke of Wellington as Captain of the Guard, or Queen Victoria, as First Lady in the performance. Politics, Parliament, Protection, Fashion, everything else, however "important," forgot itself—grew dull as early as Monday, became very abstracted on Wednesday, went clean mad, out of its wits, and of the stones, on Thursday, and has been in a very wild state ever since. The building itself, long familiarized to the passing public, acquired a new reality on the day of its formal birth, May Day, birthday of Arthur Duke of Wellington, &c. The crystal vaulting shone, without, in new brilliancy to the sun of May. Within, the gay expanse blushed with sudden splendour to the uncovered wealth of the world, the gaily-dressed visitors, and the stately court. From early morning the building was tied to every part of London by strings of carriages, and a sort of broken sheet of people. It was strange to see how that huge host wondered at itself and its own hugeness—how every countenance, in every state of cultivation or rudeness, of refinement or dinginess even to coal dust, was subdued to one expression of pleased marvelling, every face wider than its wont by some inches. If all the drawing-rooms, and opera nights, and evening parties of the West End, and Masonic-house,—if all the Lord Mayors' days, and coronations, and reviews, had been collected and rolled into one, the concourse could not have been vaster. The opening ceremony went off magnificently.

None the less impressively because the programme was revised as we thought possible. The ceremony evidently contemplated by Prince Albert, reluctantly given up by the Times because some clerical authority had pronounced it unattainable, declared possible and most desirable by the Leader—an expression of the religious feeling, suggested by the occasion, was rendered by the Primates of All England—not, perhaps, in terms wholly unexceptionable and worthy of the occasion; but we are glad to take the will for the deed. The Industry, Art, Power, and Religion, assisted in the ceremony, and the Exposition is open to the view of the world.

The event has, at least for the time, changed the character of the metropolis in the most striking degree. A sort of determination of population to the West End is one obvious symptom; beards are multiplied incalculably, many of recent and indignant growth; sight-seeing of every kind grows to a mania, and every hopeless exhibitor,

whose wonderful talent has been neglected by an ungrateful country, has a sudden accession, not only of hopes but of shillings. London has grown like a watering place, like Paris! Thursday was made a very general holiday; many shops were closed; those that grudgingly remained open looked deserted. London was—it is a strong expression, and we use it with a sense that we must not expect to be believed—but really London was gay!

Parliament has been quite the reverse. Even the Ministerial joke about continuing the Income Tax fell flat on Monday; and the second reading of the bill was pointless—although the opposition to it was led by Mr. Spooner.

The majority of 25, by which the Oath of Abjuration (Jews) Bill passed its second reading in the Commons, is not a wide margin in a House of 379; but the success of the measure depends upon Ministers, and the degree of the resoluteness or sincerity which may happen to move them at the critical stages.

Sir George Grey has brought forward the plan of Ministers for settling the water question. It does not look like a project intended for working, but only for show. The main provisions amount to this: the nine existing companies are to be consolidated into one, with a manœuvre for apportioning the stock so as to hit the present value of each company; the profits are guaranteed at five per cent. for the present, and six per cent. ultimately; the supply of water is to be not intermittent but continuous, with other provisions to secure copious supplies for purposes of fire-extinction, sanitary sluicing, &c.; and the water is to be brought from new sources not yet determined by Government. It is understood that the rates are not to be raised; but if that is so, unquestionably the nine water companies rolled into one will protest that they cannot perform all the additional duties thrust upon them. Sir George Grey describes his plan as one that consolidates administration; but, in fact, it is a consolidation, not of administrative, but of trading bodies; which will still be governed mainly by trading motives. How the willingness of the nine-in-one company, to bring its supply from any place that may be appointed, is to be presumed, we do not see: of course it may be possible to compel a company, by the powers of Executive and Parliament; but how will it be possible to avoid the delays and evasions, of remonstrances, explanations, inquiries, restatements, "evidence," &c.? However, the present object of Ministers is to seem to be doing something, without throwing aside the Board of Health, or driving the water companies to extremity; hence Sir George reserves the most essential part of his measure, and asks Parliament to give "powers" to settle it all—in some back room of the Home Office! A blank cheque for him to fill up, with amounts unstated, for purposes unspecified! But he has been encouraged to these

strange irregularities by the laxities of the Faithful Commons; whose new duty is, not to hold, but to relax the purse strings; not to watch over the People's, but the Premier's, interests; and the Opposition itself abdicates, conniving at any trick to "keep out the Tories," to wit, itself! Meanwhile, London must remain content to drink for water the rinsings of —. But "the details are unfit for publication."

Another sally of the Honourable House is its treatment of the Sunday Trading Bill, which is a perfect chef-d'œuvre of jugglery. The bill, opposed by Mr. Baring Wall, was referred, with consent, to a select committee; it has been altered so as to render it strict against the trading of the poor, the only class forced to trade on Sundays, and lax towards the rich, who can command all the other six days of the week: but it is also rendered unworkable, by making one part inconsistent with another; inasmuch that now it is equally repudiated by its opponent, Mr. Baring Wall, and by Mr. Williams, its putative parent! In short, the Commons have succeeded in trimming its provisions in the mode that a ship's sails are trimmed when she is "lying to"; and then they adjourn the debate for a fortnight. A few more fortnights, and the session passes, without rejecting a Sunday Bill, but also without enacting one. Cunning dogs, those Commons!

They also went into committee of the whole, to sanction a reward for the apprehension of the runaway witnesses in the St. Alban's case. It would not be correct to avow it, but evidently the considerate Ministers are putting the Commons through all their paces and postures for the amusement of the foreign visitors.

The Protectionists have had a great demonstration this week in Drury Lane Theatre, with an overflowing into St. Martin's Hall, and a dinner afterwards—Richmond and Winchelsea, Mr. John Bell and Mr. Booker, Mr. G. F. Young and Colonel Sibthorp, and so forth; but so Stanley or Disraeli. The public knows what that means. The aggregate meeting passed resolutions, and caused a great excitement—within the comparatively limited circle represented by the Protectionist newspapers. The Earl of Winchelsea talked at the Chartists: Mr. Dawson, of Cambridge, talked in direct terms about the Charter; and divers revolutionary intimations were thrown out by the farmers. However, Protectionist meetings are not the way to meet the Labour question or the Land question; and when the farmers have found out that truth, experimentally, they will speak to the landlords in a new language.

A letter, purporting to be from Lord Clarendon to Lord Shrewsbury, upon the relation of Rome to Ireland, has made a stir this week. The *Tablet* first published this document. The *Globe* has semi-officially acknowledged its authenticity; all the daily papers have reprinted it, and there is internal evidence that it proceeds from Dublin Castle.

[TOWN EDITION.]

Foreign police have come to guard the Exposition, and an import of continental pickpockets—the former sent at the request of Lord Palmerston, the latter voyaging at their "own sweet will"; so write the *Times* and *Daily News*. But more, Lord Palmerston, it is said, has promised to pay for the police of Austria and Prussia. We do not believe it. And yet it is a pity some Member of the Lower House does not put the question pointblank to the Foreign Secretary. Where are the Radicals?

The Austrian difficulty is again finance. The common delusion that a forced paper currency can exist, *per se*, without depreciation, not only as a representative of "value," but as value itself, and without any sort of basis, either in taxes or lands seems to have become a monomania with Baron Kraus, the Finance Minister. A policy like this leads directly either to bankruptcy, a thing which Austria must be accustomed to, or imperial revolution. The Emperor may confiscate the land or the Chancellor cancel the debt of his subjects, or the People, able to bear this bungling no longer, may confiscate Emperor and Chancellor. 'Tis a pretty alternative.

"Order" must be saved in France as elsewhere. No doubt. So, "as an abstract proposition," truth, honour, upright and open-handed dealing, these ought to be saved, or at least respected. But this is not the "practical" view taken by French Ministers or French police. They are now understood to be developing a revolt for the 4th of May. An infamous proclamation, signed the "Committee of Resistance," and addressed to the people, has been issued, urging upon them to "let 1851 fill up the gap left in 1793!" Yet are these men they who are defended, and whose cause is advocated in the British press and the British Parliament! There are few words in the English language capable of characterizing this atrocity, and these it would soil our pages to write. Fortunately the Democrats of Paris have been warned in time, and the conspiracy is damned.

A new turn has been given to the abolition question in the United States. Mr. Seward, senator for New York, and a man of great influence in the Empire state, has just effected a coalition with Mr. Van Buren on the subject of opposing the recently-passed law of Congress for the surrender of fugitive slaves. The law works with great harshness, and has caused a feeling of shame and disgust among the Republicans. New York State has, heretofore, remained neutral, rather disinclined to the mooted of a question which disturbed commercial relations. But Mr. Seward, as the active promoter of the Erie Canal extension, which the state cannot undertake, is acquiring an overwhelming influence among commercial men. And the coalition helps to remove Abolitionism from the category of mere moral or speculative questions to that of active party politics. Henry Clay has already made it one of enlarged statesmanship. So that it is really obtaining a position which must secure its practical treatment.

## Industrial Congress: THE OPENING.

THE International Exposition is opened. It has been a triumphant success. The great day of 1851, which has witnessed the inauguration of the Congress of Industry, has passed into a vital fact, and left an indelible impression upon the age.

By a little after ten the multitude was so densely packed in front of Buckingham Palace, and every place which did or did not command a view of the procession was so effectually occupied, sometimes forty or fifty deep, that even the most determined sight-seers were obliged to give up all hope at this place, and, with the stream of people which had never ceased flowing in all this time, set off to find some more advantageous point of view. Hyde-park-corner seemed to be the general resort of those who were disappointed elsewhere, and accordingly, as the time fixed for the starting of the procession drew near, the roads and avenues leading to it became perfectly impassable. The scene at the gates of Hyde-park itself baffles all description. One dense, unbroken, never-ending line of people swept slowly forward through the gates like a huge river, completely deluging the Park—up and down, far and near—never still, yet never changing, they seemed a swarm of gigantic bees, the hive of which was not inaptly represented by the Crystal Palace. If the life of every individual present on Thursday had depended upon his being within the enclosure by a certain time, they could not have displayed more anxiety to enter its precincts, or run more risks in doing so. As to keeping them back,

soldiers were ineffectual and the police ridiculous; and even that difficult problem of how to turn the tide with a pitchfork appeared simple and feasible in comparison with how to turn the tide of human beings that carried all before them. Steady, sober, serious-looking men, who no doubt would on other occasions have turned aside from a little gap in their paths, now boldly scaled high railings, dived under horses, jumped over intervening obstacles, and performed various other acrobatic feats inconsistent with the dignities of substantial tradesmen. Boys ran wildly whooping to and fro, making every policeman's life a burden to him. Carriages of every kind came backwards and forwards incessantly, driving recklessly among the people, who seemed to bear charmed lives; while hairy foreigners, in every description of outlandish dress, ran distractedly about, entreating everybody to direct them anywhere. But people must stop coming, sometime or another, and the Park being positively full to repletion, and it being near the time fixed for the starting of the cavalcade from Buckingham Palace, with great difficulty the Life Guards and police succeeded in making a passage for it, which, however, when once made, it was tolerably easy to keep clear.

Queen Victoria left her Palace of Buckingham, drawn by two creams, attended by the usual courtly appendages, a little before twelve o'clock. The stately procession moved through the line of soldiers, the shouts of the crowd rent the air, the people were jammed in the Park.

Meanwhile within the Palace the spectators had spread themselves over the nave and galleries; the ladies had taken their seats; the Royal Commissioners were standing in groups. Mr. Cobden was introduced to the Duke of Wellington and the Marquis of Anglesey, and they were joined by the Chinese Commissioner. The great variety of uniforms and costumes worn by the assemblage collected in the space around the throne, and the remarkable manner in which the proportions and decorative arrangements of the Building brought out their position, rendered the spectacle which the north side of the transept presented a very imposing one. Seated apart from the throng, and accompanied by his chaplains, might be observed the Archbishop of Canterbury, and not far off the Bishop of Winchester, who, in the absence of the Bishop of London, appeared as senior suffragan of the province. The Lord Chancellor was also conspicuous in the assemblage, and our civic dignitaries, in their flaunting scarlet robes, enjoyed their full share of public attention. A chair selected from the Indian collection, and over which a magnificent scarlet velvet elephant cloth, richly brocaded, was placed as a covering, served as a throne. In front of the raised dais on which it was placed rose the splendid crystal fountain of Mr. Osler, the appropriate centrepiece of a palace of glass. An air of expectation—a sense that the Exposition was not yet complete—pervaded the atmosphere of the building.

As the clock struck twelve the trumpets sounded, and the Queen entered in state, leaning on the arm of Prince Albert, and leading the Princess Royal by the hand, Prince Albert leading the Princess Royal. Two children met her at the gate, and presented her with flowers. The Queen wore a dress of pink silk, richly brocaded with silver, and trimmed with white lace; and on her head a tiara of diamonds, whose sparkling effect was softened, on each side, by a small white ostrich feather, gracefully arranged so as to fall behind the ear. The Prince Consort wore the full uniform of a field-marshal. The Prince of Wales was dressed in Highland costume, and wore a black velvet tight fitting jacket and the Rothesay tartan. The little hose were of the same tartan, and the whole costume was exceedingly becoming to his youthful form. The dress of the Princess Royal was of white lace, and no colour was visible except a light wreath of pink flowers round her brow. Her Majesty was accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Mary of Cambridge, the Duchess of Sutherland, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and the Prince of Prussia. For a moment the cheers of the spectators drowned the swell of the organs, and the voices of the choir rang and echoed through the galleries, and along the transept and nave.

When the national anthem ceased, Prince Albert descended from the throne, and read the report of the Royal Commissioners, who were presented to the Queen. The Archbishop of Canterbury then delivered the following address:—

"Almighty and everlasting God, governor of all things, without whom nothing is strong, nothing holy, accept, we beseech Thee, the sacrifice of our praise and thanksgiving, receive our prayers which we offer up to Thee this day, in behalf of this kingdom and land. We acknowledge, O Lord, that Thou hast multiplied the blessings which Thou mightest most justly have withheld; we acknowledge that it is not because of the works of righteousness which we have done, but of Thy great mercy, that we are permitted to come before Thee this day with the voice of thanksgiving. Instead of humbling us for our offences, Thou hast given us just cause to praise thee for Thine abundant goodness. And now, O Lord, we beseech Thee to bless the work which Thou hast enabled us to begin, and to regard with Thy favour our present purpose of uniting together in the bond of peace and concord the different nations of the earth; for

of Thee, O Lord, and not of the preparation of man, is cometh that violence is not heard in our land, nor contentions nor violence within our borders. It is of Thee, O Lord, that nation does not lift up sword against nation, nor learn war any more. It is of Thee that peace is within our walls, plenteousness within our palaces, and men go forth in safety, and that knowledge is increased throughout the world. Therefore, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name, be all praise. While we survey the works of art and industry which surround us, let not our hearts be lifted up that we forget the Lord our God, or that it is not of our own power, or of the might of our hands, that we have gotten in this wealth. Teach us to remember that this store which we have prepared is all Thine own, in Thine hands it is to make great, and give strength and honour. We thank Thee, we praise Thee, we entreat Thee to overrule this assembly of many nations, that it may tend to the advancement of Thy glory, to the increase of our prosperity, and to the promotion of peace and good will among the different races of mankind. Let the many mercies we have received dispose our hearts to serve Thee more and more, who art the author and giver of all good things. Teach us to use those earthly blessings that Thou hast given us so richly to enjoy, that they may not withdraw our affections from those heavenly things which Thou hast prepared for them that love Thee through the merits and mediation of Thy son Jesus Christ, to whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost be all honour and glory, world without end. Amen."

As he concluded, to the accompaniment of the organs, the choir sang the "Hallelujah Chorus," the voices vibrating through the crystal edifice, especially in the treble passage, with a peculiar but not unpleasant ring; and when the last echo died away the gloom which had hung over the scene was suddenly dissipated, a burst of sunlight flashing through the uncovered roof of the transept, and falling full upon the central group, threw the figure of the Queen and her brilliant attendants into strong relief, while all the rest of the vast palace was pervaded with shadow.

The Royal Procession then formed to make a tour of the building. First went the heralds, then the architect and contractors, and other officers, followed by the various committees. Next in order came the Foreign Acting Commissioners, the Royal Commissioners, the Master of the Ceremonies, the Foreign Ambassadors and Ministers, the Duke of Wellington and the Marquis of Anglesey, her Majesty's Ministers, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Queen's official attendants; then the Queen, leading the Prince of Wales, and Prince Albert, leading the Princess Royal; the Prince of Prussia and the Duchess of Kent; Prince Henry of the Netherlands and the Princess of Prussia; the Prince Frederick William of Prussia and the Princess Mary of Cambridge; Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar and the Duke of Cambridge; the whole brought up by the Queen's household attendants. As soon as it was formed, the procession turned to the right, moving to the west end of the nave by its north side. On its return it moved to the east end of the nave by its south side, including the south end of the transept, and came back to the centre along the north side of the nave.

As the procession passed along her Majesty was most heartily greeted in every part by loud cheers and waving of handkerchiefs, the whole audience standing uncovered.

Throughout her course the Queen looked grave and serious, as though she felt that the pageant in which she acted so prominent a part was not a court gala, but a national solemnity. But when she again returned to the chair of state a radiant glow of delight flashed over her features, as if the truly hearty cheers which greeted her had made her really glad. The Duke, who has heard the terrible yet cheering stirring hurrah of a regiment marching to the charge, who is now old and feeble, and who places no sort of faith in popular applause, was also cheered, as he passed along, leaning on the arm of Lord Anglesey.

When the Queen again reached the platform she stood up and declared the Exhibition opened. The trumpets loudly clanged; the guns of the Serpentine still more loudly boomed; the southern entrance was again unclosed, and the royal pageantry passed out, leaving behind it the thirty thousand spectators, the beautiful building, and its rich contents.

As a spectacle it was unequalled. Not the slightest hitch in the arrangements; not one drop of rain; all the persons there who projected and planned, and even those who executed the great work—for happily Mr. Henderson recovered in time, and thus the nation mingled together in unity, a waving vision of light, and form, and colour, which the century may not again see before the eyes of Englishmen.

But, now we have described the ceremony, let us glance at the building and its contents.

The general character of the edifice is too well known to need any description: it establishes the capacity of the style for architectural beauty, though it does not in itself fulfil the early expectation; and the heavy-tinted varnished panels, like shutters, taken down, mar the lightness of the general design. Within, however, the effect is beautiful: the great space, the flood of light, the harmonious tinting of the framework—a delicate blue and lake-red, picked out with gold—contribute to an effect of a new and strange kind: you can scarcely tell whether you are



out of doors or in; but in either case the impression is one of a subdued gaiety, like the shadow of flowers. Especially magical is the effect of the blue painting from the highest eastern gallery, where it seems to melt into the sky. From this point, also, which commands the whole building, stretches away a magnificent, and altogether indescribable, prospect. The vastness here is apparent, and the thirty thousand present on Thursday found that it was real.

Entering the south portal of the Exposition and passing through a pair of bronze gates, richly ornamented, the first object which irresistibly attracts the eye is the crystal fountain, with its streams of flowing, dropping, and sparkling water. Around are grouped colossal statues from the studios of British artists. On the left the riches of the East Indies, from countries whose names are romances, Cachemere, Delhi, Benares, Mirzapore, Gajah, consisting of lovely shawls, muslins worked in silk and gold, carpets in whose downy surfaces the footfall noiselessly sinks, exquisite mats, and metal manufactures, besides a variety of intoxicating drinks, fragrant woods, perfumes, gums, cereals, earthen, and dried fruits. On the right the stalls of Tunis display figured awnings, riding hats of circular form and vast diameter, rich horse-trappings, morocco boots and slippers, and dates in great quantities. Brazil has a fine show of elegant woods and mineral wealth; and China sets out its gaudy, fantastic, but beautiful porcelain and other manufactures. When these wonders are passed by, and the fountain is approached, the lengthened nave on either hand unfolds its thousand glories. In the centre of the transept are arranged groups of colossal statues. To the west the wealth of Britain and her dependencies; to the east the products of foreign lands. Walking through the eastern division of the nave first come China, Tunis, Brazil; then Switzerland, exhibiting her manufactures and her thousands of yards of streaming and rainbow-hued ribbons. France adjoins this compartment, brilliant with indescribable products of Parisian art, and her textiles, jewellery, goldsmith's work, guns, cannons, carriages, carpets, and ploughs. Then Belgium shows forth her ornamental glass, her carved furniture, musical instruments, a whole armoury of weapons, and lace—lace, ladies, in abundance—especially to be noted a large shawl of black point lace of great value, which occupied thirty women eight months in its manufacture. On the borders of Belgium is Austria rich in meerschaums, preparations of hair, dominoes, chessmen, time-pieces, and parasols; a palace of toys, crested with helmets and breastplates, and other defensive armour; grotesque automata, iron stoves, boots, shoes, and slippers, gloves from Prague, medallion portraits and crockery. Behind Austria is the Zollverein. Eastward of Austria, North Germany, Norway, Sweden, and Russia, muffled in rare furs. On either extremity of the end of the eastern nave, surmounted by a broad starred and striped banner, and huge eagle, stretch the confines of America. Brother Jonathan has facetiously spread out a very odd collection, consisting, among other things, of wooden pails, mineral teeth, carpet bags, a geographical clock, no end of daguerotypes, and magic-lantern slides; but he is great in harness and vehicles. Again, on the north side of the eastern nave are Denmark, Germany, the Zollverein, and Austria; the last containing a magnificent suite of Austrian rooms, fitted up by Lieut. of Vienna. The range westward in this north side extends through Holland, Belgium, France, Italy, Spain and Portugal, Greece, Egypt, Turkey, Persia, and Arabia; and, issuing from the courts and avenues, the eye surveys the crystal fountain, the giant sculptures, the flowers and shrubs, and the vast perspectives disclosed by all points of the compass.

The western nave contains the contributions of Britain and her dependencies. The walk, in and out of the avenues on the northern side, towards the west, leads through Ceylon, Malta, the Ionian Islands and other British possessions, to the section devoted to machinery. Here are placed hydraulic machines, including the monster press which raised the Britannia tubes, Nasmyth's steam-hammer, the beautiful marine engines of Boulton and Watt, Penn, and others; then carriage courts, containing specimens of locomotives and railway carriages. And here also is the section of machinery in motion. These machines are arranged according to their respective characters; steam-engines occupy one portion, mills another, lathes and tools a third, and printing machines a fourth. The machinery devoted to textile manufacture is classified according to the several branches to which it is adapted. Passing from east to west, first come the silk and lace machinery; next to that follows flax, and adjoining it is the woollen machinery. Beyond this, and to the extremity of the building, is the valuable collection of cotton machinery, sent by the manufacturers of Manchester and Oldham. The sides or walls of the space devoted to machinery are occupied by manufactured goods produced from the several classes of machinery. Nearly the whole of this machinery is shown in motion. From the space occupied by the cotton machinery of Manchester there is an entrance into the third-class refreshment court, and some open courts also occupied by trees.

The steam was turned into the building on Tuesday, and the whole of the machinery set in motion with perfect success. The entire range of steam pipe, including the ramifications to the various engines, is nearly 3000 feet, which is, probably, a greater length than has ever yet been successfully applied. The steam is supplied from five boilers, placed in an isolated building at the west end of the Exhibition. Four of these boilers are multitubular, upon a somewhat novel construction, by Messrs. W. G. Armstrong and Co., of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and the fifth is a double-furnace boiler, by Messrs. Galloway, of Manchester. These boilers collectively are equal to 150-horse power, and the steam is carried from them into the building by a pipe of nine inches diameter, thickly coated with felt. This pipe, which may be compared to the main artery of a human body, gradually diminishes in size as it extends through the building, and along its entire range receivers of a peculiar construction are placed, which arrest the water produced by condensation, and suffer the pure steam to flow onwards. After passing through the engines the exhausted steam enters another system of pipes, by which it is conveyed into a tunnel outside of the building, and both systems of pipes are placed beneath the floor, where they are entirely out of sight. The whole arrangement of the steam pipes, with their connected apparatus, have been carried out by Messrs. W. G. Armstrong and Co., under the direction of Mr. W. Cubitt, one of the royal commissioners, who more immediately presides over the mechanical department, and of Mr. Hensman, the superintendent of that class.

In order from the western extremity of the northern side of the nave cotton goods, leather and furs, manufactures from minerals, the furniture court and fine arts, find a place. On the southern side walking westward are the East Indies, Canada, Australia, Cape of Good Hope, St. Helena, the Mauritius, Tobago, &c., and the classes of British manufacture in the following order—hardware, furniture, woollen and mixed fabrics, flax and printed goods. Behind these several classes of manufacture is the large space occupied by agricultural implements, and upon the extreme south side the interesting collection of British minerals, mining, and metallurgy. On this side, also, is the sculpture-room, leading into a court set apart for the marvels of mediæval architecture and antiquities.

Upstairs the variety is wonderful. In the south gallery of the western nave are a collection of chemical manufactures and productions, substances used as food, vegetable and animal substances, guns, and naval architecture and models. The central south gallery is occupied by philosophical instruments, precious metals, tapestry, ribbons of Coventry and other places, and Spitalfields silks; shawls, clothing, and hosiery of all kinds; and upon the east side of the transept, the silks of Lyons, a German organ, the straw work of Switzerland, the cottons of Massachusetts, and other articles belonging generally to those foreign countries which occupy the space beneath them, upon the ground floor. The central north galleries, contain exquisite specimens of Brussels and French lace, and other lighter articles of foreign production. A portion of the north gallery is blazoned with painted glass of all nations; in the central north gallery, are pottery, glass, surgical, musical, and philosophical instruments, with the great organ of Mr. Willis at the western end. There is an excellent collection of models, and in the north gallery, civil engineering, a fourth collection of surgical instruments, some cutlery, and manufactures from animal and vegetable substances.

Such is a rapid survey of the contents of the Exposition.

On the whole the array of contributions present themselves to the mind in three groups: steam-machinery, statues and models, and furniture. The machines are a type of Power, the art-models and the best statuary, Imaginative Beauty; and the furniture—at once so gay and grand, so elegant and substantial—the gleaming glass fountains, gorgeous carpets, handsome carved bedsteads with embroidered curtains, inlaid tables, endless variety of chair and sofa, works in bronze, ormolu, gold, silver, and precious stones, textile manufactures, cloth, linens, laces, stuffs, silks, ribbons, satins, velvets, furs and leathers, mirrors and porcelain vessels, even the pictures exhibited—all, in fact, that may be comprehended under the term Furniture, convey that idea of Use to the mind for which Englishmen have a peculiar affection. And thus we have symbols of power, and beauty, and usefulness, the elements of civilization. In the display of Power, England reigns supreme. There in the might and symmetry of iron, and steel, and brass, stand the giant steam-engines which have won for us by their speed, and power, and immensity of production, the palms of commercial conquest in all the regions, and over all the seas of the globe.

An interesting visit was paid, by the sanction of the commissioners, at an early hour on Tuesday. Mrs. Chisholm, the great patroness and guide of emigration, interested herself to obtain the admission of

a number of British emigrants, amounting to nearly 200.

There are two official catalogues of the Exhibition, one a sort of *handbook*, which may be had for a shilling; the other an elaborate account of the whole progress of this undertaking from the first, together with a special explanatory account of each article or class of articles.

Alexis Soyer, at Gore-house, is one of the wonders which Exposition year brings us. The mighty gastronome has made arrangements for dining "all nations." He has converted the mansion of Lady Blessington into a vast hotel, fitted up the apartments with great splendour, painted, and gilded, and papered, until the whole house is entirely changed. For instance, what was once the Blessington library is now *La Salle du Parnasse*, that is, a large dining-room, decorated in gold and white; and what was the boudoir of Lady Blessington is now *La Cabinet de la Pompadour*, a small dining-room embellished with "flutings of white and pink, and a triumphal arch of roses and foliage." M. Soyer has been lavish of titles for his chambers. Here are a few:—*Vestibule de la Fille de l'Orage*, *Salle des Noces de Danaë*, *L'Atelier de Michel Ange*, *Avenue des Amours*, *Palais du Cheval de Bronze*, and *Le Pavillon Monstre d'Amphytrion*. Soyer has written a book of the Symposium, in which he triumphantly asks, "Who can view with callous eye and more callous heart the apotheosis of gastronomy progressing beneath the roof? Dinner in the Temple of Danaë, lunch in the vintage chamber, supper within the domains of the ice king, eating and drinking everywhere! Why, the sight is enough to turn a heart of stone, enough to make a hermit relinquish his roots and black bread, and a teatotaler break his pledge all to fragments." The kitchen apparatus is a magnificent industrial exposition in itself, the dining accommodation is for fabulous numbers; in short, to give at once a complete idea of the magnitude of the scale on which things are to be done at the Symposium, every day at a given hour an entire ox will be roasted in the open air!

Mr. Batty is building a Hippodrome on a plot of land at the corner of the Victoria-road, Kensington, of an oval shape, called 500 feet by 400 feet, to accommodate 14,000 persons. The seats, six or seven deep, are roofed over. The enclosed area is open to the sky; the sides as well as the roof of the building are slated, and the colours used for decoration are blue and white. The horse entrance is at the south end; and the public entrance by a composed archway of three openings, formed in the Kensington-road, which has in the frieze some small Roman figures on horseback, and is otherwise adorned with flying horses.

Another novelty was the great fair which was held on Thursday in Kensington, near the Kensal New Town.

Ten new omnibuses commenced running from Kennington-gate to the Exhibition, on Sunday, charging no more than 2d. for each passenger for the entire distance, taking the route by Kennington-green, Walcot-place, over Westminster-bridge, to Charing-cross, and thence to Piccadilly, &c. A similar number, upon the same terms, will be placed on this line in a few days, and a like number, it is understood, will also start from Camberwell-gate, at the same economic rate.

The Emperor of Russia has decided that a commission of manufacturers and men of science, under the presidency of Count Kleinmichel, director-general of public works, shall be sent to the Exhibition at London, and shall visit France to examine the principal manufacturing establishments. The Emperor has also decided that such of his subjects as may visit London may pass through France on undergoing certain formalities.

The Exhibition is producing effects even in Spain, the papers of which are filled with English advertisements addressed to Exhibition visitors. A Spanish steamer has been put on to run from Santander to Southampton, for the Exhibition. She is called the *M. A. Heredia*, and makes her first trip to-day. The fares are £6 10s. and £5 10s. She is to return from Southampton by Havre to Santander, and, as passengers can join at Havre, they can, if they like, make a stay of a fortnight in London, and return by the same steamer.

The *Times* reports the following military and police preparations for the Exposition as resulting from the Duke and Sir George Grey:—At the Cavalry Barracks, Knightsbridge, they have allotted a certain portion of the building for the reception of the 2nd battalion of the Grenadier Guards. A portion of the 1st battalion of the Rifle Brigade (now quartered at Dover) will march to Woolwich, and the other to the Tower of London, where the necessary preparations have been made for them. The First Royal Dragoons from Nottingham, and the Eighth Hussars from Brighton, will be stationed in half billets at Hampstead and Highgate. The Fourth Light Dragoons from Dublin, will be quartered in the barracks at Uxbridge. The following will be the stations of the cavalry:—First Life Guards, Regent's park, and a portion of the Royal Horse Guards (Blue, from Windsor); Second Life Guards, Knightsbridge

Barracks, Hyde-park; Sixteenth Lancers, Hounslow, and a portion at Kensington Barracks; the Seventeenth Lancers from Newbridge, to Woolwich. Infantry.—1st battalion Grenadier Guards, Windsor; 2nd ditto, Knightsbridge; 3rd ditto, St. George's Barracks, Trafalgar-square. Coldstream Guards.—1st battalion, Tower; 2nd ditto, Wellington Barracks, St. James's-park. Scots Fusilier Guards.—1st battalion, Portman-street Barracks, Oxford-street; and 2nd battalion, St. John's-wood Barracks. A strong reinforcement of Artillery has already arrived at the Tower from Woolwich. Several other regiments will in all probability be quartered in the vicinity of the metropolis. The Chelsea Out-Pensioners were inspected on Thursday, and those who volunteered their services on last pension day will receive their equipments, muskets, bayonets, swords, &c., and will be quartered at Paddington, Kensington, Hammersmith, and other districts during the Exhibition. The number will exceed 3000 men. The metropolitan police has been increased by 900 men, making an effective force of 5700 constables, besides superintendents, inspectors, and sergeants; and of these, a certain number of the most experienced officers have been selected from the different divisions and formed into a regular corps of reserve, who will do the special duty during the Exhibition, as they are well acquainted with all characters. The city police has also been increased by 150 men, making a force of 650 officers, besides inspectors, sergeants, &c. There will also be a selected number as a reserve and detective force.

The *Times* correspondent, writing from Berlin of April 26, says it is settled that a number of the Berlin police are to be sent to London to assist their London brethren in dealing with the questionable characters that are likely to be visitors of the World's Fair, among the thousands who will arrive from legitimate motives. The English public is hereby warned in this, as in some other branches of industry, not to underrate foreign talent; the native "workmen" are about to enter a period of competition with some of the most finished practitioners of Paris and Berlin, whose skill in certain cases is little short of miraculous. It is stated that the officials sent have no political purpose or object, and they will, besides, find enough to do among the million of strangers, without becoming a corps of observation on political fugitives; that it is the criminal police which is put in motion, not the higher and more secret one, which has also enough to do at home; and also, but with less probability, that the English Government will defray the expense of this foreign auxiliary police force—a point that perhaps Mr. Hume may feel disposed to investigate.

The *Daily News* says, the Prussian Government is said to have agreed to the request of Lord Palmerston from motives of expediency, and that an entire commission of police will be appointed, whose headquarters will be the Prussian embassy in London, but does not place any reliance either on the statement that these police were sent for by Lord Palmerston, or that our Government will pay them. Will some member ask the question of our Foreign Minister?

## MAYDAY ODE.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.  
[From the *Times*.]

But yesterday a naked sod,  
The dandies sneered from Rotten-row,  
And cantered o'er it to and fro;  
And see, 'tis done!  
As though 'twere by a wizard's rod,  
A blazing arch of lucid glass  
Leaps like a fountain from the grass  
To meet the sun!  
A quiet green but few days since,  
With cattle browsing in the shade,  
And lo! long lines of bright arcade  
In order raised;  
A palace as for fairy prince,  
A rare pavilion, such as man  
Saw never, since mankind began  
And built and glazed!  
A peaceful place it was but now,  
And lo! within its shining streets,  
A multitude of nations meets:  
A countless throng,  
I see beneath the crystal bow,  
And Gaul and German, Russ and Turk,  
Each with his native handiwork,  
And busy tongue.  
I felt a thrill of love and awe  
To mark the different garb of each,  
The changing tongue, the various speech  
Together blent.  
A thrill, methinks, like His who saw  
"All people dwelling upon earth  
"Praising our God with solemn mirth  
"And one consent."  
High Sovereign in your Royal state!  
Captains and Chiefs and Councillors,  
Before the lofty palace doors  
Are open set.  
Hush! ere you pass the shining gate;  
Hush! ere the heaving curtain draws,  
And let the Royal pageant pause  
A moment yet.

People and Prince, a silence keep!  
Bow coronet and kingly crown;  
Helmet and plume bow lowly down;  
The while the priest  
Before the splendid port step,  
While still the wondrous banquet stays,  
From Heaven send me a blessing pray  
Upon the feast!

Then onwards let the triumph march;  
Then let the loud artillery roll,  
And trumpets ring and joy-bells toll,  
And pass the gate:  
Pass underneath the shining arch,  
'Neath which the leafy elms are green—  
Ascend unto your throne, O Queen,  
And take your State!

Behold her in her Royal place:  
A gentle lady—and the hand  
That sways the sceptre of this land  
How frail and weak!  
Soft is the voice, and fair the face;  
She breathes amen to prayer and hymn,  
No wonder that her eyes are dim,  
And pale her cheek.

This moment round her empire's shores  
The winds of Austral winter sweep,  
And thousands lie in midnight sleep  
At rest to-day.  
O! awful is that crown of yours,  
Queen of innumerable realms,  
Sitting beneath the budding elms  
Of English May!

A wondrous sceptre 'tis to bear,  
Strange mystery of God which set  
Upon her brow yon coronet,—  
The foremost crown  
Of all the world on one so fair!  
That chose her to it from her birth,  
And bade the sons of all the earth  
To her bow down.

The representatives of man,  
Here from the far Antipodes,  
And from the subject Indian seas,  
In Congress meet;  
From Afric and from Hindostan,  
From Western continent and isle,  
The envoys of her empire pile  
Gifts at her feet.

Our brethren cross the Atlantic tides,  
Loading the gallant decks, which once  
Roared a defiance to our guns,  
With peaceful store;  
Symbol of peace, their vessel rides!  
O'er English waves float Star and Stripe,  
And firm their friendly anchors gripe  
The father shore!

From Rhine and Danube, Rhone and Seine,  
As rivers from their sources gush,  
The swelling floods of nations rush,  
And seaward pour:  
From coast to coast in friendly chain,  
With countless ships we bridge the straits;  
And angry Ocean separates  
Europe no more.

From Mississippi and from Nile—  
From Baltic, Ganges, Bosphorus,  
In England's Ark assembled thus  
Are friend and guest.  
Look down the mighty sunlit aisle,  
And see the sumptuous banquet set,  
The brotherhood of nations met  
Around the feast!

Along the dazzling colonnade,  
Far as the straining eye can gaze,  
Gleam cross and fountain, bell and vase,  
In vistas bright.  
And statues fair of nymph and maid,  
And steeds and pards and Amazons,  
Writhing and grappling in the bronze,  
In endless fight.

To deck the glorious roof and dome,  
To make the Queen a canopy,  
The peaceful hosts of industry  
Their standards bear.  
Yon are the works of Brahmin loom;  
On such a web of Persian thread  
The desert Arab bows his head,  
And cries his prayer.

Look yonder where the engines toil;  
These England's arms of conquest are,  
The trophies of her bloodless war:  
Brave weapons these.  
Victorious over wave and soil,  
With these she sails, she weaves, she tills,  
Pierces the everlasting hills,  
And spans the seas.

The engine roars upon its race,  
The shuttle whirrs along the woof,  
The people hum from floor to roof,  
With Babel tongue.  
The fountain in the basin plays,  
The chanting organ echoes clear,  
An awful chorus 'tis to hear,  
A wondrous song!

Swell organ, swell your trumpet blast,  
March, Queen, and Royal pageant, march  
By splendid aisle and springing arch  
Of this fair Hall:  
And see! above the fabric vast,  
God's boundless Heaven is bending blue,  
God's peaceful Sun is beaming through  
And shining over all.

April 29.

• The St. Lawrence.

## PARLIAMENT OF THE WEEK.

The Commons met on Monday at the usual hour, for the first time since the holidays; but they did not show much inclination for work. Lord James Russell, stated that Government, after giving Mr. Walpole's amendments on the Papal Aggression Bill their most serious consideration, had come to the conclusion that they could not agree to them. The second reading of the Property Tax Bill having been moved by Sir CHARLES WOOD, Mr. SPOONER made a long dull speech on the subject, which he wound up by moving that the bill be read that day six months. Mr. MUNTZ seconded the amendment. He thought it would be saddling the country with this tax for ever if they resolved to renew it on such slight grounds as those proposed. In reference to some remark of Mr. Spooner touching the duty on bricks, he contended that the brick duty ought not to have been repealed, "because it was a very partial tax, there being many parts of the country in which no bricks were used." Mr. FRESHFIELD, the new member for Boston, declared his intention to support the second reading of the Bill, because he was not prepared to give up so large an amount of revenue, without seeing what was to be substituted for it. But he would only support the reimposition of the tax for so long a time as would enable the Government to consider what other tax might be substituted for it. Sir CHARLES WOOD defended his proposal for renewing the Property Tax on the ground that it would be impossible to carry out those measures of relief which he contemplated—the reduction of the coffee and timber duties, and the repeal of the window tax, without it. Mr. DRAKE, although he objected to many of the propositions of the Government, was not prepared to vote against the second reading. The amendment was negatived without a division, and the bill was read a second time, with the understanding that it should go into committee on Friday.

The only business disposed of in the House of Commons on Tuesday, was the water question. Sir GEORGE GREY in moving for leave to bring in a bill for the better supply of water to the metropolis, stated at some length the difficulties with which they had to contend in following up the recommendation of the Board of Health. The practical recommendation which the board made was that the principle of the Public Health Act should be adopted to this extent—that there should be one combined management for one locality, applicable to the supply of water to the inhabitants within that area. When they came to the other principle—that the administrative body should be a representative body acting for the locality, or created for this specific purpose in any given district—they were then compelled by the circumstances of the case to depart from that recommendation; and, substantially, their recommendation amounted to this—the adoption of the principles of the Public Health Act, as carried out in other cities and towns, but the creation of a Government board of salaried officers, to whom the administration of the supply of water should be entrusted, and who should have all the necessary powers vested in them by act of Parliament for procuring the supply of water, providing for its service and distribution throughout the different houses of the district, raising the necessary funds by rates, or borrowing on the security of the rates; and generally of providing for all the purposes indispensable to the adoption of their scheme. To the adoption of this scheme there were, however, many serious objections. Had they been dealing with this as a new question, irrespective of private interests and the habits of the people, he should certainly prefer the plan suggested by the Board of Health; but as an extensive system was already in existence, and as no representative machinery was to be found, the principle of the measure he proposed was the consolidation of the existing companies into one, by the purchase of their respective stocks either by valuation or by arbitration, with a consolidated capital, the consolidated body being charged with the whole supply of water to the metropolis, subject to the control of Government and Parliament. Having explained the functions, powers, and obligations with which the bill proposed to endow this body, and observed that the plan would accomplish the ends of saving expenditure, increased efficiency in management, Government control under responsibility to Parliament, and reduction of rates to consumers, realizing, at the same time, the principle recommended by the Board of Health of a contract between the Government and the company, he anticipated an obvious objection, that the companies could not be compelled to consent to this arrangement; but they were entitled to the first offer, and they had made the communications of the Government in a reasonable spirit, reserving their decision until they saw the details of the bill, which he proposed to refer to a select committee, so that the companies would have ample opportunity to advance their claims. Sir J. JOHNSTONE, as one of the directors of the New River Company, thanked the Government for the disposition they had shown to respect vested rights. Mr. BAILLIE COCHRANE was not at all satisfied with the proposed measure, indeed, the very fact of its



being satisfactory to the water companies ought to satisfy any one that it was not adapted to meet the wants of the public. Mr. HUME had no confidence in the new scheme. The only way by which the supply of water to the metropolis could be increased, and brought down to the rate at which it was supplied to the larger towns, was by allowing the competition of new companies, with new capital, and deriving their supply from new sources. The monopoly of the supply of gas to the metropolis had been broken up, not by Government taking the different gas companies into their hands, but by allowing other companies to come in, and then the existing companies reduced their terms to a fair rate. Sir B. HALL thought the bill would do more harm than good. Instead of breaking up the present monopoly, it would render it more powerful. Lord EMMINGTON regretted that such a proposition as the present bill should have emanated from a Government which had done more for the cause of sanitary improvement during the short time they had been in office, than all preceding Administrations had done during many centuries. He objected to the scheme, because it proposed to give up the union of the water supply with drainage, and because of its alienating the monopoly of supplying water from the community to private parties for commercial purposes. Sir W. CLAY contended that competition could not be applied to the principle of water supply. He admitted that the poor of the metropolis were ill provided with water; but this arose from no indisposition of the companies to supply it, or from any deficiency of the article, but because the proprietors of small tenements refused to take means of supplying their occupants. He defended the water companies against the charges of extortion, waste, and extravagance, and expressed his perfect confidence in the fair dealing of the Government and the House, which, by acting unjustly towards the companies, would only injure the country. The question was entirely one for compromise, which would be the cheapest, as well as the fairest course. Mr. HOWART objected to the scheme, that it contained no provision for a new source of supply instead of the present impure one, and that it made the suppliers of the water responsible, not to the consumers, but to the Government. Sir GEORGE GREY having given explanations on one or two points, leave was given to bring in the bill.

The House met on Thursday at six o'clock, and engaged in a tame debate upon the used-up question of Jewish Disabilities. Mr. NEWDEGATE began the opposition. He put forth nothing new whatever; but he managed to get into a personal squabble with Mr. ROEBUCK, in whom he implied a lack of the religious sense. Mr. ROEBUCK wanted to know what Mr. Newdegate meant by taking religion for his guide. The House called itself Christian, but that did not alter the morality of any of the Members. The Scotchman, the Englishman, and the Irishman had each fought for his belief. They called themselves Christians, but they had not forbore to cut one another's throats. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL was put up to reply to Mr. Wigram and Mr. Newdegate, reiterating the old arguments; and he was followed by Sir ROBERT INGLIS, who thought that if the Jews did not like being excluded from Parliament they ought to quit the country. Colonel SIBTHORP raised a point: What would be done with Baron de Rothschild, supposing the bill passed into a law, and he refused to attend on Saturdays? Lord JOHN RUSSELL wound up the debate without saying anything he had not said twenty times before, or intimating what would be done by Ministers if the bill were again rejected in the Lords. The second reading was carried by 202 to 177.

The Lords did not meet till Thursday, and then sat only a short time.

**THE SUNDAY TRADING BILL.**—This bill, which is at present in committee, does not seem likely to pass through it very soon. On the order for going into committee upon it being read, on Wednesday, Mr. Anstey strongly opposed the measure on the ground that it was oppressive, and that it was chiefly directed against classes who did not possess the elective franchise. In reference to the second clause, which punishes by a fine of 20s. the hawking or selling of certain articles of food after nine o'clock on the Sunday morning, Mr. Anstey said "milk and cream, if sold before ten and after one o'clock, were exempted; but while they were so careful of the spiritual welfare of the milkmaids he should like to know what was to become of the soles of the fish-mongers? Why was any exception made in favour of milk and cream?" He finished by moving that the bill be committed that day six months, but the amendment was not pressed to a division, it being understood, however, that the debate should be adjourned for a fortnight.

**ST. ALBAN'S ELECTION.**—The House of Commons has resolved, on the motion of Lord John Russell, to address her Majesty, praying her to issue a royal proclamation offering a reward "for discovering, apprehending, and detaining George Waggett, John Heyward, James Steggs, and Thomas Bircham." A short desultory discussion took place regarding the best way of putting an end to such corrupt practices as those which have come to light at St. Alban's. Mr. Hume contended that the only sure remedy was the extension of the

## ELECTION AFFAIRS.

There are two touchstones for county members; Protection and Anti-Romanism. Certain good folks of South Hants hold that Lord Charles Wellesley won't stand the test in respect of the first; and the North Hants electors object that Mr. Portal is "no-where" as regards the second; Lord Charles votes for Free Trade, and Mr. Portal votes against the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill; therefore, both are politely requested not to trouble the electors at the next election. The *Salisbury Journal* states that Lord Henry Cholmondeley will come forward in connection with Mr. Portal, and that Mr. Lefevre will be sent to the House of Lords.

The Honourable E. Coke has received notice to quit from the electors of West Norfolk, who are bent upon returning two Protectionists at the least possible expense to the elected.

Mr. Urquhart has been down to Stafford, shedding a doubtful light upon home and foreign questions over the minds of his constituents, but mainly upon the Papal Aggression. He had to vindicate his vote, being one of the minority against the bill; and true to the bent of his mind on all subjects, he insisted that the Papal question was neither political nor religious, but simply—diplomatic.

The Belfast Liberals are not at all pleased with the proposal of Sir J. Emerson Tennent as candidate at the next election; and the mercantile interest have, it is said, determined to support Mr. Mulholland, the head of the first commercial house in Ireland. The Protectionists, we also learn, think of starting Lord Suidale for Tipperary.

## LORD CLARENDON AND THE POPE.

A letter copied from the *Tablet* has been published in all the morning papers, attributed to Lord Clarendon, and, in its semi-official style, acknowledged by the *Globe*. It is also said to have been sent to Lord Shrewsbury, and evidently intended for the Pope and the Cardinals.

Assuming these reports as facts, we find Lord Clarendon complimenting Lord Shrewsbury upon the tact and judgment he displayed in certain conferences with the Holy Father and the Cardinals. Dr. Murray is praised as the "beau ideal of a Christian pastor," and Dr. M'Hale condemned as an ill-disposed demagogue. As to the colleges, Lord Clarendon says the most complete and deliberate mistake has existed and exists with respect to them at Rome. The objections of the bishops had been met by concession both from Lord Heytesbury and himself on all important points; and yet the clamour against them still comes from Rome.

Mr. Freeborn is objected to at Rome, Lord Clarendon thinks not justly. But, he asks,

"What we ought to think of the Government of the Pope, who, in violation of the rules for the nomination of bishops, sent here a man like Dr. Cullen, whose only object has been to destroy the colleges established by the Legislature, and maintained by the State, and to extinguish the national schools, in which 500,000 of the poorest classes are educated, without an attempt to provide for the deficiency of establishments of these two kinds, and thus leave the middle and poorest class in brutal ignorance, without troubling himself about the consequences that would follow? Dr. Cullen, moreover, published a synodical address, in which he did not stop at condemning the colleges, but sought to set class against class, and to represent every poor man as a martyr, and every rich man as a tyrant. There is more rank communism in that address than could be chymically distilled from M. de Véricour's whole book. It cannot be alleged that all this opposition arises from religious zeal, because at this moment Dr. M'Hale and others would induce the students to leave the colleges where their faith and morals are protected, and go to Trinity College in Dublin, a place eminently Protestant, where there are no guarantees for faith, and where there is every temptation to apostasy. Mr. Lucas, editor of the *Tablet*—one of the most virulent and most offensive newspapers in Europe—is in constant communication with Dr. Cullen, and is, moreover, the chief instigator, as his paper is the organ, of the Tenant League, the object of which is to abolish the rights of property, and to shake to its very foundation everything on which society depends. He is ably assisted in this work of regeneration by the priests, who, with this end in view, have fraternized with the Presbyterian clergy. But not a word of counsel or reprimand has been uttered by the primate; on the contrary, his journal applauds, and the editor acts in the League with Mr. Duffy, of the *Nation*, who would have been at this hour a deported felon if one of the jury had not perjured himself. It is very true that the Pope ordered the clergy not to meddle in politics. This he did in 1847, in the same rescript in which he condemned the colleges. The second part was received with reverence, as hostile to the Government, and the first was obeyed by the clergy rushing headlong into the revolutionary movement of 1848, when nothing saved them, except their belief in the impartiality of the Government—in which they were quite right; because, if the legal evidence of their guilt had been as strong as its moral certainty, several of them would have now been along with their friends in exile in Van Diemen's Land."

The object of these proceedings on the part of the priests, Lord Clarendon thinks, was not "spiritual

jurisdiction, but political hostility;" and he further is of opinion that nearly all our Catholic miseries would be obviated if we had a representative at Rome.

## THE PROTECTIONIST FIELD-DAY.

The first of the Protection "aggregate" meetings was held at Old Drury on Tuesday. The House was thoroughly crowded, and those who could not get in went to St. Martin's-hall, sent a deputation for a few speakers, and held a supplementary "aggregate" there. In the evening a dinner came off at the Freemason's Tavern; and at each of these gatherings there was mighty speechifying.

At Drury Lane the Duke of Richmond assumed the chair. The point in his speech was the flinging forth of the banner of civil war, an apt commentary on the famous Yeomanry Debates in the House of Commons. He said:—

"What, gentlemen, is the only argument employed against us? It is the argument of intimidation. (Cheers.) I should deprecate anything like a war between classes. I should not advocate the carrying out of anything like a protection which would injure any class of our fellow-men; but permit me to say to the first cotton-spinner of the land, that at the head of the tenant-farmers, with their hearty labourers following in wake, I care not for a conflict with 10,000 of our opponents. (Prolonged cheering.)"

The Earl of Winchelsea, who moved the first resolution, was for protection to the British plough, the British loom, and the British sail. The operatives of the North would soon be with them. He threatened the "moneyed interest" with a revolution, which would "pay off the national debt in twenty years," if they did not help the agriculturists to reverse the free-trade policy. The resolutions moved by the earl simply ascribed to free trade all the evils of the nation.

But Mr. Butt, Q. C., the Irish Protectionist, was the star of the morning. He emphatically agreed with Lord Winchelsea that they "would carry their point." He represented free trade as the scourge of Ireland; and he would fearlessly assert (and he afterwards repeated the assertion) that the object of the Free Traders was the extermination of the tenant-farmers of England! "The farmer and the labourer are to disappear, and the land is to be converted into a gigantic sheep-walk, in order that the mill owners of Manchester may grind down the souls and bodies of their fellow countrymen." "In Ireland you may see the process of extermination going on, and in Ireland you see the programme of what will happen to yourselves," he exclaimed, alluding to the evictions in the west of Ireland as the resource of the landlords goaded to desperation, not by debt, but by free trade. The placeman and the fundholding classes alone had benefited by free trade, which has doubled the national debt, given the fundholder a larger mortgage on the land, and doubled the evils of absenteeism in Ireland.

In the midst of Mr. Butt's oration the Duke of Richmond begged that the Earl of Stanhope, Mr. Ball, and Mr. G. F. Young, might go to St. Martin's-hall. Mr. Ball, before he went, urged the meeting to pass a resolution requesting the loan of the Crystal Palace when done with, for "one day, that they might fill it with a nobler demonstration, and a more magnificent exhibition." A proposition which of course was received with "tremendous cheers."

Mr. Butt resumed—"If the Free Traders dare to put their threat of revolution into force, we'll show them such a demonstration as the world never saw." (Cheers.) He denounced Sir James Graham as a traitor for saying in the House of Commons that the soldier had better rations now, and he "knew the reason why"; which Mr. Butt construed to mean an appeal to the passions of the soldiery. Urging union, he said:—

"Look at the Anti-corn Law League; to what was its triumph to be attributed? Had it the intellect of the country with it? (Cheers, and cries of 'No.') He did not say that it had not clever men at its head—they must be clever men who could upset the greatest interest of the country—(cheers)—they must have had that peculiar kind of talent which qualifies men to do mischief. (Loud and long-continued cheering.) Had they the aristocracy with them? (No, no.) Had they the middle classes, or even the better sort of artisans? (Cheers, and cries of 'No, no.') To what did they owe their triumph? They owed it to their earnestness—their entire, enthusiastic, consuming earnestness which they threw into their cause, and that quality is so new in modern politics that before it the conventional hypocrites of party fell prostrate. (Loud cheers.)"

Mr. Butt gave the labourer as his share of the earth, the right to "earn his bread by the sweat of his brow"—a right of which Free Trade had despoiled him. They had that day nailed their banner to the mast, and would never take it down unless every artisan and every producer had full, just, and equal protection.

The remaining speakers were Mr. Dawson, who said nothing novel, and who was interrupted, no doubt, by some Free Trader, by cries of "Time!" Mr. R. Long, the future rival of Sidney Herbert in Wilt, who, wishing to connect protection and anti-Romanism, logically, asked whether any one "would be so mad as to accuse Mr. Bright of any

feeling of religion whatever?" and who was very properly saluted by cries of "Question"; Mr. George Game Day, of St. Ives, who made a good average defence of protection on the old grounds, and who corrected the erring genius of Mr. Long by calling upon the Protectionists to abjure Secularism altogether in their conflict; Mr. Bell, of Kent, who was for going back to 1818, and who uttered the startling doctrine that "every British labourer was entitled to demand that nothing which could be produced at home should be introduced from abroad"; Mr. Reid, an "operative," who knew that the working man wanted protection as well as the landlord; Mr. Cayley Worsley, who had seen and heard wonderful things.

"In travelling up from Brighton a day or two ago, he had met with a sailor, who told him there were thousands of blue jackets who intended working their passage to the United States, and forswearing their allegiance, in the hope that the stars and stripes would soon float over the Union-Jack. (*Hear, hear.*) He astonished him (Mr. W.) not a little by telling him that a foreigner came into harbour the other day with a cargo of corn, for which he took back gold, and never spent a shilling in this country. (He Mr. W.) asked how they lived, and the sailor replied, with an oath, 'On sea-weed and periwinkles.'"

A speech followed by a burst of, we should say incredulous, "Loud laughter." Mr. Worsley asserted that the tenant-farmer, and not the landlord, suffered by free trade. Colonel Kinloch, a "staunch Scotch Protectionist," made a curious speech, which ought to have been reserved until after dinner; and the meeting was finished with the usual vote of thanks to the chairman.

The lesser meeting at St. Martin's-hall had Lord Stanhope for president. He told them that it was well known that out of 211 Peers who voted for the repeal of the Corn-laws, only seven did so conscientiously. The meeting was subsequently addressed by Mr. Young, Captain Vyse, M.P., Mr. Brontre O'Brien, and others. A tailor called upon them to carry a resolution "to protect the wages of labour," but he could find no seconder.

The Dinner was attended by all the notables. Mr. George Frederick Young occupied the chair, and in his main after-dinner speech, was cruel enough to find fault with *Punch* for representing him as Don Quixote! The Duke of Richmond made a declaration which we trust will be remembered at future elections. He said he never made a bargain for the votes of his tenants, and he should despise a tenant who voted in obedience to his request. He urged the meeting to place the fullest confidence in Lord Stanley and Mr. Disraeli. The Earl of Winchelsea improved upon his morning speech. He connected Catholic Emancipation and Free Trade! But Colonel Sibthorp made the oration of the evening:—

"He believed the day was near at hand when they would have protection not only in all its splendour, but in all its permanence. (*Cheers.*) He characterised the Exposition as a combination of foreigners to rob them of their rights and their freedom. Let them beware of men-traps and spring guns—they would have all their food robbed—they would have a piebald generation, half black and half white (*great laughter*); but he could assure them that his arm at least would be raised to prevent such a violation. (*Cheers and laughter.*) They might look for assassinations—for being stabbed in the dark; but, careless of that, he was determined to pursue an even and straightforward course, and he would say that the dearest wish of his heart was, that that confounded building called the Crystal Palace might be dashed to pieces. (*"Hear, hear," and cries of "Chair."*)

Mr. Booker was saluted with "all the cries of the hunting field." Mr. Young, proposing the health of the Labouring Classes and Lord Stanhope, hoped the former would soon be convinced that the big and cheap loaf was a delusion! Lord Stanhope said "the rights of labour consisted in this—that no men should be obstructed in their pursuits;" the *Post*, *Herald*, and *Standard* were duly complimented, and the distressed gentlemen returned to their desolate homes.

It is remarked by everybody that neither Lord Stanley nor Mr. Disraeli was present at either gathering.

#### WHERE SHALL WE BURY OUR DEAD?

A long and interesting Report, dated "Whitehall, April 2nd, 1851," and signed "Ashley, Edwin Chadwick, and T. Southwood Smith," has been presented to Parliament and published, on Extramural Interments in the country towns. According to the report, the country generally is in favour of an Act of Parliament for prohibiting the burial of the dead within the limits of towns: and certainly the evidence furnished by the corps of inspectors acting under the orders of the Board of Health, of the over-crowded and disgusting state of our graveyards, sufficiently warrants the conclusions of public opinion. The inspectors have examined the burial places of 200 towns, and found them mainly in as bad a condition as those of London.

A few instances will give an idea of the general condition of the inspected districts. At Great Yarmouth 9,235 bodies have been buried in the parish churchyard in twenty years. At Burslem and other towns, bodies are brought into the town from the

country; and at Norwich the churchyards, which Evelyn declared to be, 200 years ago, a "congestion of dead bodies, one on another for want of earth, even to the very top of the walls, and some above the walls," have since received no less than half a million in addition; consequently, in the words of the report, "a very large portion of the soil, for the depth of many feet, consists of decomposed human bodies." Dover, Huddersfield, Portsmouth, and other towns are in the like condition. In Penrith the churchyards contain, some twenty-one, others fourteen and fifteen layers of bodies. The stench arising from these patches of corruption in summer is so strong and baneful, that one instance is reported of the windows of a church opening on the yard being boarded up!

At Banbury and Beaconsfield, we are told that the coffins swim about in the vaults; the sexton of the former stating that he always got the water out as high as he could when the parties were coming out of church.

The remedy for these evils the Board of Health find in a general prohibitory Act, giving adequate powers to the local boards for establishing cemeteries, and reserving to the Central Board the duty of supervision. The machinery created by the Public Health Act would be available for this purpose; and it is recommended that general district rates be levied under such Act where it is in operation, for meeting preliminary expenses; and where it is not, those expenses to be charged on the poor-rates. Choice of sites, plans, burial arrangements, all these are to be subject to the approval of the Board of Health. An administrative function, the raising and control of the necessary funds, would be entrusted to the local boards.

Not the least important paragraphs of the report are those which detail the obstacles in the way of improvement. These may be indicated as consisting of enormous expense attending special acts of Parliament; difficulties of inducing unity of action among the interested parties; and ignorance among the local authorities. It is also stated that the provincial cemeteries have generally failed hitherto, and that, in spite of the over-crowded state of the graveyards, bodies are continually sent to be buried.

On the whole the report contains ample proof of the necessity for burial without the limits of towns; but it may be questioned whether the centralizing tendency is not too much introduced into the plan recommended to Parliament.

#### THE BOARD OF CUSTOMS AND THE LONDON DOCK COMPANY.

The Board of Customs do not allow that they were defeated in February last in the vexatious charge brought by them against the London Dock Company. On that occasion the trial lasted eleven days, cost £20,000, and concluded by a verdict in favour of the latter. Possibly, both time and money have been spent in vain. For on Monday the Attorney-General was allowed, in the Court of Exchequer, to take a rule to show cause why a new trial should not be granted to the Crown, because the February verdict, with reference to a certain parcel of twenty-seven casks of sugar, was incorrect; and the Dock Company also obtained a similar rule in self-defence. The charge brought against the Dock Company was, that they had concealed certain goods with a view to evade the duty. Now these twenty-seven casks of sugar were the gradual accumulation of samples, stowed away, but not concealed, for the Custom-house officers knew well enough of their existence. But it appears that Ponting, a foreman, finding in his possession two boxes of sugar for which he could not account, with the assent of Wickes, a deputy warehousekeeper, mixed them with the regular sweepings. The February verdict was found for the Board respecting these two boxes, but for the Docks as to the rest. This was substantially an acquittal. Now, on the part of the Crown, there is an attempt made to set aside the whole verdict; and on the part of the Dock Company, to obtain a new verdict which shall distinctly exonerate them from the charge of evading the duty. Sir F. Kelly, who appeared on their behalf, argued that an act done by a servant of the Dock Company, with intent to defraud the Company, could not be construed into a fraud by the Company itself against the Crown. No doubt seems to be entertained that there will be a new trial.

#### EMIGRATION MISERIES.

A document has been presented to the House of Commons, which discloses the miseries that emigrants suffer from the captains and crews of the emigrant ships. Mr. Vere Foster, a gentleman interested in emigration, took a steamer passage to New York in the ship *Washington*, in November last, in order that he might become thoroughly acquainted with the subject. His diary is published, and letter.

If the accuracy of that diary can be relied upon, no serious doubt can possibly be entertained as to the comparative felicity of brutes and of emigrants in ships commanded and officered as was the *Washington*. No animal that we are aware of, except an emigrant, would have been inducted into a vessel in the manner which that gentleman describes:—

"There was no regularity or decency observed with regard to taking the passengers on board the ship; men and women were pulled in any side or end foremost, like so many bundles. I was getting myself in as quickly and dexterously as I could, when I was laid hold of by the legs and pulled in, falling head foremost down upon the deck, and the next man was pulled down upon the top of me. I was some minutes before I recovered my hat, which was crushed as flat as a pancake."

After bruising and half suffocating them, the next step, it appears, was to starve them into submission. This object, indeed, could not be accomplished without the commission of a flagrant breach of contract; but that consideration seems to have given very little uneasiness to Captain Page. The contract tickets which the emigrants obtain from the owners of the vessel in which they embark, stipulate that a certain quantity of provisions shall be given out each day; but, notwithstanding this, for four entire days from the time of their leaving Liverpool, no food whatever was served out to them. A mild expostulation on the part of the passengers, which was addressed to the captain at the suggestion of Mr. Foster, called forth threats of summary vengeance against that gentleman, and induced one of the mates seriously to think of enforcing "discipline" by the application of a red-hot iron bar. The remonstrance appears, however, to have had the desired effect; and we might naturally suppose that the food which had been withheld from the emigrants for four days would have been added to the quantity thus tardily distributed. Instead of this, only about half the allowance of provisions paid for under contract by the passengers was supplied to them; and this system was continued during the whole of the voyage. Mr. Foster has carefully noted down the exact quantity of sustenance meted out each day to the emigrants, comparing it with that to which they were entitled; and, if we can depend upon his calculations, the result of his observations was the detection of Captain Page and his officers in the systematic commission of the grossest fraud.

In the diary we read:—

"Whenever provisions are served out, a sailor stands by with a rope's end, and capriciously lays about him, with or without the slightest provocation. The captain never appears to trouble himself in the slightest degree about the passengers, nor even ever to visit the part of the ship occupied by them. The first and second mates, the surgeon, and the man specially appointed to look after the passengers and the cooks; all these very seldom open their lips without prefacing what they may have to say with—'God d— your soul to h—, you d— b—!' or, 'By J— C—, I'll rope's end you; or some other expression from the same category."

The conduct of the surgeon of the vessel seems to have harmonized happily with that of his brother officers. The medical attendance appears to have been confined to those passengers from whom he could extort fees—a species of remuneration which he had not the smallest right to demand; and for any matter which might afflict the remainder he seems to have considered blasphemous execration to be the fittest remedy. Some general idea of the suavity of that gentleman's disposition, and of his zeal in the performance of his duties, may be obtained from his own words, as given by Mr. Foster:—"There are a hundred cases of dysentery in the ship, which will all turn to cholera; and I swear to God that I will not go amongst them. If they want medicine they must come to me."

The following is a specimen of the consequences which mistakes, however venial, entailed upon the luckless passengers in the *Washington*. An old man having applied for his allowance of provisions—which, without his knowledge, had already been served out for his use—"The first mate," says Mr. Foster, "rushed at him, beat him, and knocked him down, using the most insolent and blasphemous language." But the officers of the *Washington* did not trouble themselves to search for pretences, when, as was pretty often the case, they were cruelly disposed. An infirm old man, whilst in the act of "wringing a pair of stockings" in a stooping posture, was saluted by the frolicsome first mate with a violent kick, which laid him prostrate on the deck, and caused a serious internal injury. Further instances of the mild administration of justice, the temperate preservation of discipline, and the regard for decency and humanity, which prevailed on board the *Washington*, are related in the letter and diary. Nor is there any reason to believe that the case of that vessel is solitary or exceptional. From inquiries made by Mr. Foster on his arrival at New York, it appears that, so far at least as regards one of the lines of packets, she was no unfavourable specimen of an emigrant ship.

#### DOINGS IN THE UNITED STATES.

The *Baltic*, besides an interesting mail, brought over 200 passengers. She made the transit in twelve days, leaving New York on the 16th of April and reached Liverpool on the 28th.

The case of Simms, the fugitive slave, captured at Boston, is concluded. He has been adjudged, at nine o'clock on the morning of April the 11th, to "owe" service to his master, and taken back by sea to the place from which he came. Every attempt was made by the abolitionists to prevent his surrender. The habeas



corpus was resorted to on various grounds. Simms swore that he was a freeman, but the judges overruled all pleas. Simms was carried down to a brig called the *Acorn*, bound to Savannah, and put on board without any difficulty. The vessel went to sea, but came to anchor in Nactucket roads, a few miles down the coast; on learning which a steamer was got ready, and some officers, with a state process of some kind or other, put after the vessel to bring Simms back. Before the parties pursuing could reach her the vessel got under way and departed.

To add to the confusion of the political world at this moment, Mr. Seward, the United States senator from this state, and Joan Van Buren, hitherto the most inveterate opponents, have each published letters addressed to the Boston abolitionists, in which they both agree in denouncing the Fugitive Slave Bill, and recommending opposition to it in almost every form.

Mr. Seward has also a scheme to finish the enlargement of the Erie Canal, which was abandoned some years ago in consequence of the financial difficulties of the State of New York. At that time it was provided in the new constitution that the Legislatures should not create any new debts except in a particular way—limiting them in amount, furnishing adequate security for each loan, and requiring the sanction of the people at the ballot-boxes if a sum was at any time requisite above one million of dollars. Now, it turned out that as new and onerous debts could not be created constitutionally, the state soon recovered from its embarrassments, its credit rose, its stock bore a high price, and its recent prosperity has been unexampled. But Mr. Seward, instead of waiting a few years for the application of moderate annual appropriations, is for enlarging the Erie Canal at once. He is desirous of having nine million of dollars to expend for the enlargement of the canal immediately. The distribution of that money will be in the hands of his own friends, and his own political power will be supreme by the indirect influence of that money through the favoured contractors, previous to and influencing the next election. This, it must be confessed, seems a very pretty go-ahead scheme. It is sanctioned by Daniel Webster, and vehemently opposed by the State Attorney-General.

The New York and Erie Railway, between New York and Dunkirk on Lake Erie, is finished, and will be opened in a few days. All the light freights of the upper lakes will pass over this road to New York, and a saving of ten days in time will be effected in their transit. It not only opens a new route for a vast trade from the interior, but it develops the industrial resources of, at least, one-third of the area of the state of New York, hitherto cut off from any economical connection with the Atlantic ports.

#### THE POET FREILIGRATH.

A few weeks since we called attention to the case of the German Poet Freiligrath, and laid before our readers an instance of the action of the paternal Government under which the Prussians at present rejoice.

Our readers will remember that Freiligrath, though retired from all political activity, received notice from the police to quit his house at Dusseldorf in a fortnight, and that he protested against this sentence on the ground that a Prussian citizen could not be expelled from any locality in that kingdom, except upon considerations not applicable to his case. This plea was met by a denial of his citizenship, and even by a demand for proof of his being a Prussian. After a long conflict with the authorities, the particulars of which will be found in a former article,\* and when every intermediate court had been appealed to, the Government at Berlin answered his petition by informing him that as soon as the necessary inquiries had been made, and certain investigations gone into, an answer should be promptly given him. This promptitude, however, threatened to become endless silence, when Freiligrath again appealed for a decision, and at last received for answer, that his citizenship might be considered as established, but his settlement in Dusseldorf must depend upon the decision of the local police, to which the Government referred him. The jealousy of such a judgment is apparent when we remember that it was only to protect himself from the injustice of the local police that the whole expensive and tedious conflict had been endured; the law of Dec. 31, 1842, expressly stating, "that the settlement of any independent citizen having a house of his own, or means of supporting himself and family, can in no case be denied him, nor obstructed by vexatious or frivolous conditions."

Thus, after suffering itself to be defeated in the attempt to prove that one of the most distinguished of modern German poets was not a Prussian subject, the Government referred him to the very authority against which he had appealed, for a decision on the only point really at issue—viz., his right of settlement; a right too clear to be disputed, or the hazardous attempt to prove him no Prussian would never have been made. Thus beaten on ground of its own choosing, the Government fell back upon the hoped-for obscurity of local police transactions; and after acknowledging a right which it had denied during six months, let its opponent in the same position he was in at the opening of the question; with the same conflict to maintain for the establishment of his local rights, which he had already maintained for the establishment of that more important right upon which

they were founded, and in which, by the words of the law quoted above, they were included.

That all chance of success in this new struggle might be cut off, a fortnight's time only was allowed him by the notice of the local police that followed immediately upon the answer from Berlin, in which to adduce documentary proof of his legal dwelling-places between the years 1844 and 1848—viz., returns from Switzerland, France, Belgium, and England.

The demand for such returns was manifestly illegal, but no doubt the Dusseldorf police had their orders to do, in the face of the law, that dirty work which could not be so well done at Berlin, in the face of Europe.

Of this persecution there can be but one explanation. As Freiligrath had retired from public life, there was but little chance of trying him again upon an indictment for treason, if he were left in the quiet which he so evidently sought. The poet must be roused into an expression of his feelings liable to be brought before the courts. The genius irritable must be played upon, but the unexpected phenomenon of legal defence has for the present frustrated these designs.

Will the steadfastness of the poet hold out? or will these renewed injustices call forth some burning word of complaint and appeal to his fellow-countrymen, that may be laid hold of and used against him? There is but too much reason to fear that if such were the case, a jury could be got together who would judge any new poem in a very different light from that in which *Die Todten um die Lebenden* was judged in 1849. Of the probabilities in such a case we cannot of course speak with any confidence; but when we consider that the past litigation must have greatly diminished Freiligrath's means, and its result shown him that no stone will be left unturned to insure his expulsion from Dusseldorf,—a step equivalent to banishment from all Germany, as a repetition of the same process, at any place to which he retires, would be followed by the same result,—it is not impossible that the scheme may succeed, and that he may be goaded into language which will then be made use of to justify the past conduct of the Government.

What hope can be formed for the future of a country where a fallen political opponent is thus hunted out by the Government?

What a sense of insecurity does it betray in the Government itself, for what else could induce such a mode of self-defence, and what feelings of desperate exasperation must it arouse in the minds of the Democratic party! If this is the oil poured into the wounds of political strife, what hope of healing!

As we said before, ex pede Herculem: if these things be done in a green tree what may be expected in a dry? The sybil is burning her rooks; let us hope against hope that the Prussian King may awake in time, and possess himself of the last before it be too late.

#### PERSONAL NEWS AND GOSSIP.

The gossip of the week has been really the opening of the Exposition. There was excitement in the very atmosphere. Will it be fine? Is there any danger of a disturbance? How will it go off? What a magnificent affair it will be! were the questions asked and the exclamations hazarded everywhere. Lady John Russell's reunion and Almack's ball, the Chester Cup, and the Protectionist field-day, have all been passed over and forgotten. It has been all Exposition, and all Exposition it will be for months to come.

The Queen and Prince Albert, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, Prince Arthur, the Princess Royal, and the Princesses Alice, Helena, and Louisa, left Windsor Castle at seven minutes before twelve o'clock on Monday for London. A special train conveyed the Queen to the Paddington terminus; on reaching which the royal party entered six of her Majesty's carriages, and with an escort of Lancers proceeded to Buckingham Palace, where they arrived at ten minutes before one o'clock. In the afternoon her Majesty held a court for the reception of Prince Henry of the Netherlands. In the evening the Queen and Prince Albert, with the royal suite, were present at the Philharmonic Concert at the Hanover-square Rooms. On Tuesday morning the Queen and Prince Albert paid a visit to the Exhibition.

The Prince and Princess of Prussia, accompanied by Prince Frederic William of Prussia and the Princess Louisa, and attended by a numerous suite, arrived in London at a quarter past three o'clock. Prince Albert and Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar met the Prince and Princess at the London-bridge terminus, and accompanied them in the Royal carriages to Buckingham-palace.

The Queen and Prince Albert, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Prussia, the Prince Frederic William, and the Princess Louisa of Prussia, visited the Exhibition Building in Hyde-park on Wednesday morning.

It is understood that the Queen has signified her intention to visit the Exhibition some Saturday during the hours before the public are admitted, when all exhibitors will be invited to be present and in their places, to answer any inquiries which her Majesty may desire to make respecting articles exhibited by them.

Prince Henry of the Netherlands, his aides-de camp and suite, from the Hague, arrived on Monday, by the Cyclops, and was received by Count Schimmelpenninck,

Baron Stratenus, and J. W. May, Consul-General. They at once proceeded to Mirav's Hotel.

Prince Victor of Hohenlohe Langenburg landed at Dover on Tuesday morning, travelled to London, and in the afternoon proceeded to Frogmore, on a visit to the Duchess of Kent.

The Duke and Duchess d'Aumale passed through Genoa on the 22nd ultimo, on their way to Naples, travelling under the assumed name of De Viriol.

Prince Henry of the Netherlands visited the Exhibition building on Tuesday afternoon, and was conducted through the building by Colonel Lloyd.

Lady John Russell held her first series of receptions on Wednesday evening, at the official residence in Downing-street, when a very numerous and brilliant company attended.

Lady Radnor died on Sunday morning at Lord Radnor's seat, Coleshill, Berks. Her ladyship was the daughter of the late Sir Henry Paulet St. John Mildmay, and married the Earl of Radnor in 1814.

The Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress have issued cards of invitation to a banquet at the Mansion-house, on the 8th inst., to her Majesty's judges and their wives, the commissioners in bankruptcy, and many of the leading members of the bar, as well as to the high-sheriffs of the four metropolitan counties, and the sitting magistrates of the several police courts of the metropolis.

Jenny Lind is on her way back to New York. Her concert at Cincinnati produced 15,000 dollars. As the fair Swede has proceeded on her way she has won (literally) "golden opinions of all sorts of people."

Mrs. Alexander Lee (formerly Mrs. Waylett) died on Saturday, after a painful illness of seven years' duration, which obliged her to relinquish the profession. She was one of the sweetest and best of English ballad singers.

Mr. W. Haigh, who formerly resided at Halifax, but of late has lived at Mixenden, was found dead in his bed on Wednesday morning. He has left Mr. Feargus O'Connor his sole heir. The value of the property is said to exceed £2000.

Mr. James, of the Northern Circuit, has been appointed stipendiary magistrate of Liverpool, in the room of the late Mr. Rushton, at a salary of £1000 a year.

Arthur Caley, from Sulby, Lonsay, Isle of Man, a gigantic Manx, only twenty-three years of age, standing seven feet six inches high, and weighing twenty-one stone, surprised the Liverpool people last week with his presence in their streets. He came to bid farewell to a number of his friends who were about to emigrate.

Sir M. Shaw Stewart has presented a park to the town council of Greenock, in trust for the use of the inhabitants.

The Dean and Chapter of Westminster have resolved to open Westminster Abbey to the public without charge on and after to-morrow. Circulars have been despatched to the choirs of the different cathedrals throughout the country requesting their attendance. There will be a full choir every Sunday evening.

Mr. Howell Gwyn, M.P., who was married on Thursday week, ordered six hundred weight of cake to be distributed among the scholars of the Sunday and other schools in the counties of Glamorgan, Brecon, and Carmarthen.

The youngest son of the Earl of Ellesmere, a midshipman in the Royal Navy, has been killed on the coast of Borneo, by the accidental explosion of a gun during a shooting excursion.

Mr. Lister's Nancy, ridden by Kendall, won a fine fast-run race for the Chester Cup, on Wednesday, by a long neck.

The Mayor of Southampton and Djemaladdin Pacha and Moustafa Pacha have been exchanging compliments on board the Turkish frigate Feiza Baari, the Skimmer of the Sea.

The Bishop of Exeter has published a programme of the meeting, electing, and proceedings of his synod.

The correspondent of the *Post* has a curious story about Lord Fitz-Alan Howard, the bridegroom elect of Miss Talbot. Two years ago a mad woman, holding an open book in her hand, approached the cab-stand in St. James's-street, but having no money to pay the fare, no cab would take her. The writer proceeds: "She opened a cab door, no sooner seated herself than she was expelled. Another and another she tried, the same rude expulsion took place, to the infinite amusement of a crowd of peers, members, officers, cabmen, and passers-by, who, in a half-hour, had collected. It chanced, then, that a young gentleman, unknown to many, but well known by sight to the writer of this, came up St. James's-street. He stopped, as others of his rank had done—but, he inquired among the crowd the cause of the excitement. He made his way to the poor demented creature, had her carefully put in one of the cabs from which she had been ejected, and after reading her address, himself mounted the box of a common cab with the driver, to convey her carefully home. The "noble man" who had the moral courage to do so good, so charitable, an act was no other than Lord Edward Fitz-Alan Howard, son of his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, and the well-selected future husband of Miss Talbot."

The old pastime of hawking has been revived in the New Forest. On Wednesday, the 23rd, Captain and Lady Rose Lovell, the chief promoters of the sport, attended with their hawks at Beaulieu station, when several beautiful flights took place, the open heather surrounding the station affording an excellent site for this peculiar exercise. On the ground were the Marquis and Marchioness of Worcester, the Honourable Granley Berkeley, M.P., and the Misses Reynardson, Major and Mrs. Stephens, Captain Brittain, and many other ladies and gentlemen. Herons and pigeons were the quarry of the day. During the course of the proceedings several remarkable incidents took place. While the falcon was in close pursuit of a pigeon, he was assailed by a wild merlin, who forced the falcon to protect himself, to the escape of his quarry, wild hawks ever evincing a dislike to those reclaimed. In another instance a powerful falcon had struck and grappled with a heron,

\* See our number of February 15th, "The Pleasures of Prussian Citizenship."

when two carrion crows attacked the hawk, and the heron, escaping to the water, got rid of his formidable foe. The prettiest of all was the fast of a pigeon, having sustained a long flight, and being hard driven by the falcon, flying beneath the neck of Lady Rose Lovell's steed, and perching upon her bridle rein for protection. The pigeon's life was consequently saved.

Another of the curates of the High Church of Hull, the Reverend Thomas Dykes, has publicly announced his resignation, on the same grounds as those stated by his late coadjutor Mr. Barff. Like him, too, Mr. Dykes says that he entertains "doubts," and will not again minister until those doubts are removed.

Early in the week the Queen gave directions that private carriages should be permitted to pass through the Buckingham and Stableyard gates of St. James's park during the next four months, beginning from the 1st of May. It is understood that the privilege will not be extended to any public carriages; and that the gates will be closed at such hours as may be found necessary on the days when her Majesty holds drawing-rooms and levees.

An engineer at Bletchingley has discovered a method for the detection of burglars. It consists of a bell placed at the top of the house, with apparatus communicating to every door, window, and chamber; so that any person attempting to enter would cause the bell to ring for upwards of an hour.

The great match for the championship of the Thames, between Robert Coombes and Thomas Mackinney, will take place on Wednesday next, from Putney to Mortlake. The race is appointed for six in the evening, and a first rate contest is anticipated. Citizen J. has been chartered by the Messrs. Searle for the accommodation of the élite, and will accompany the boats throughout.

A grand ball was given on the 25th ultimo by the Marquis and Marchioness of Normandy. Though invitations were issued to upwards of 1800, the saloons were not by any means overcrowded. At one o'clock supper was served. Dancing was kept up with great spirit till past four o'clock. The company consisted of the élite of Parisian society. The whole of the members of the corps diplomatique, the Ministers, and a great number of representatives, were present, besides all the English of note now in Paris.

About a month ago a priest, who intimated that he was an agent of the Legitimist party, and in constant communication with the principal clergy of France, took up his abode in the best apartments of an inn at Courbevoie, and ran up a long score. He declared that he daily expected a large sum of money from Paris—which did not arrive; and meantime he borrowed pocket-money when and where he could. Last Monday night week a noise was heard in the abbé's room; and on looking out of the window, the servant saw the abbé letting himself down by a sheet. An alarm was given, and he was captured. It turned out that he is really a priest, but is under interdiction for scandalous immorality. He was sent to the Prefecture of Police, and is to be brought to trial for swindling.

A carriage was seen dashing from Paris along the road to Orleans on Saturday last, and a lady at the door imploring assistance. As no assistance could be afforded she leaped out, and fell violently with her head on a heap of stones, whereby she sustained serious injury. The horses still continued their gallop, and presently another lady was seen to leap from the carriage, but her gown caught in the step, and she fell in such a way that both her legs were broken. The spectators hastened to convey them to the nearest house, and every assistance was paid them. They frequently exclaimed, "O God! what will become of us? It is God who has punished us!" but they refused to say who they were. Although their physical sufferings were dreadful, they seemed to suffer greater anguish from moral causes. After some time it was found out that they were both married ladies of highly respectable station, and that, unknown to their husbands, they were about to visit two officers in one of the forts near Paris. In order not to be recognised, they had changed their dress, and instead of taking their own carriage had hired one. They were sent home to their husbands. The coachman, who had abandoned his horses to drink at a public house, has been arrested.

As the diligence which runs between Rodez and Albi was proceeding, a few days back, to the latter place, a fire was discovered to have commenced in the interior. The passengers had scarcely time to alight and aid in removing the luggage, when the vehicle burst out into flames, and without the possibility of any succour being afforded. In a few minutes it was entirely consumed.

The Treasury of Hanover has just been relieved of a claimant who was, it may be assumed, one of the oldest names on the pension lists of Europe. A lady named Von Leuthé, the widow of a subaltern civil official, celebrated last year the seventy-fifth anniversary of the date of her state allowance. It was given under the following circumstances:—In the year 1771, when the unfortunate Queen Caroline Matilda of Denmark obtained by the intervention of her brother, George III., an asylum at Cetté, in Hanover, she wished to adopt a child to supply the void left in her heart by the detention of her own children from her. An orphan girl, known as "little Sophie," was selected, and remained with the Queen till the death of her Majesty in 1775. In her last hours she recommended the persons surrounding her to the care of her relatives for provision by pensions for their lives, and the wish was complied with through the exertions of her chaplain, Pastor Lehzen. Among them was "little Sophie," who received a pension of 400 thalers, and drew it regularly for seventy-five years. She has just died, more than eighty years of age.

More confessions of books and pamphlets have taken place in Prussia. A book by the President of the National Assembly of 1848, Herr von Unruh, *Experiences of the Last Three Years*, the *Kinkel Album*, a picture book for grown-up children, and a reprint of Rustow's *Military State*, were seized on the 24th instant. The printer of

Becker's *Monarchy or Republic* is to be deprived of his license.

The Chilli papers state that a large number of their gamblers and pickpockets are about to visit London during the fair. Our police, they say, will have need of all their vigilance.

A new paper has been started at Watab, ninety miles north of St. Paul's, with this motto:—"Our country and territory in general—Watab in particular." It contains the following unique matrimonial announcement:—"On the 31st instant, at Watab city, Maw-kee-ko-kee-waw-haw-doutchken, Esq., to Miss Wee-hun-nee kaw, eldest daughter of Maw-hee-koo-shay-naw-zhee-kaw, Esq., all of Wanata County, Minnesota." It appears that on the happy occasion the editor of the *Watab Journal* participated in the gay festivities, and was duly presented with the hind quarters of a dog.

#### A SMASH IN A RAILWAY TUNNEL.

Three heavy trains left Chester for Warrington and Manchester on Wednesday evening, two within twenty minutes of each other, and the third three-quarters of an hour later. The first train advanced at a regular speed up to a tunnel about a mile and a half long, called the Frodsham Tunnel, about ten miles from Chester, and not far from a village in Cheshire of that name. The line runs on an incline down this tunnel towards Chester, and on coming to the pull up of the lower gradient, the engine seems not to have had sufficient power to do its work; the speed slackened, and eventually the train came to a dead stand-still, smoke and steam filling up the place in which they were, so that it was impossible to see objects in very close proximity. Here the second train came up at a slow pace and ran into the first with a slight shock. While in this position the third train came up at a speed of about ten miles an hour, the incline having caused the speed to slacken, and ran into the second train, the engine-driver not being aware of its presence, for, though there was a light at the tail of the second train, it was obscured by the smoke and steam. The effects were appalling. The third engine appeared to leap up, and was thrown violently off the line, across the way, and blocked up the passage. The last carriage on the second train was a carriage truck with a private carriage upon it, containing Miss Ridgway, of Bolton, who was killed. The carriage and the wagon were quite broken, and the next, a second class, was broken up. The people in the other carriages were thrown in all directions—on one another, and out of the carriage. The engine fortunately swerved from the direct course when it fell, or the results must have been still more serious than they were. As it was, life was sacrificed, and serious wounds were inflicted on the majority of the people about. The shock was conveyed to the other carriages. Several of the first and second class were injured greatly, adding to the horrors of the scene by the prolonged crash which was heard at the point of the collision; and when that crash had ceased, it was succeeded by groans and cries of alarm and for help. The place was pitch dark, and no one knew what might yet be to come. Lights were procured as speedily as possible from houses in the neighbourhood, and the state of suspense in which the passengers were kept for a period which, in that situation, seemed to extend over hours, was relieved as soon as possible. One man was thrown completely from an open carriage upon the top of a covered one, and said, "God only knew how he escaped." The carriage in which Colonel Petit sat was entirely crushed, and he lost consciousness for some time. On recovering he found himself sitting on a portion of the carriage, the frame of which appeared to have been demolished, and he walked out apparently on a level with the ground, and came in contact with the side of the tunnel. It was intensely dark, but he believed he saw four or five persons who had been killed, and a great many with broken limbs. Several persons were taken out from the broken carriages dead, and others sustained serious fractures and contusions. The dead body of a man was taken from beneath the wreck of a second-class carriage, and the dead body of Miss Ridgway was taken from her carriage.

The report of the number of persons killed varies from four to eight, and that of the wounded from thirty-five to fifty. The sole cause of the accident was the deficiency of steam power in the engines attached to the first and second trains.

#### CRIMES AND ACCIDENTS.

Patrick Lyons, who killed Margaret Fahey at Warrington, that he might get possession of 12s., which he dared not take after he had chopped her to death, was hung at Kirkdale Gaol on Saturday last. When he reached the drop he desired to address the assembled crowd. Calcraft, who had pulled the cap over his eyes, raised it at his request, and dispensing smiles and bows to all beneath the platform, he said:—

"Dear Brethren, I am sorry for what I have done. I confess to the Almighty God, and before you all to-day, that I am guilty of this murder, and I firmly believe that my poor wife is innocent—innocent as a child. Lord have mercy on me. Here is the hands that has done the murder; here is the body that has committed the sin. I thank God that I am willing to suffer; but my suffering is nothing. I am willing to be nailed to a tree. I am willing to be dragged between four horses. I am willing to put me into fire and burn me to ashes, for the sake of my soul, because I knew I was doing wrong. I knew I committed the sin, and my dear brethren, what must be the cause of this? I neglected my masses—I neglected God—I neglected my prayers morning and evening; and only for what I did I would not be here to die for such a guilty crime as this. My dear Christians, let it be a warning for ye, and learn to be wise in this world. I hope in my Saviour Jesus Christ for salvation, and the blessed Virgin

to pray for me and all the good Christians. I expect that you will pray for me to-day, and I pray God will listen to me, and the holy Virgin Mary and all angels in heaven pray for me to-day. My dear Christians, learn to be wise in this world. We are here to-day and gone to-morrow. [The culprit here paused for about a minute, during which time he looked earnestly down upon the crowd, and shook his head several times.] The gentlemen of this place was very kind to me, and the governor; I am very much obliged to him, and thank him for his kindness. My poor wife lies in here, and grieves very much about this. May the Lord deliver her to-day."

Coupled with the coolness of the speaker, this address, delivered within arms-length of the noose, is said to have produced an amazing effect upon those who heard it. The secret of it all was, perhaps, that Patrick Lyons, a firm but not a devout Catholic, had received the sacrament of absolution, and died in the certainty of ultimately reaching paradise.

Four times in three years Gloucester Cathedral has been plundered. The fourth time occurred last week, when fortunately the poor-boxes were empty. At the Church of St. Nicholas the scoundrels were more successful; they carried off the contents of the boxes kept for receiving subscriptions towards the infirmary.

Deliberate cruelty is happily not frequent in our hospitals, but neglect is not so rare. Whether the story we have to narrate be an illustration of the one or the other, or a mixture of both, we leave to the decision of our readers: certainly it is very shocking. On the 4th of April a young girl was taken into the Bethlehem Hospital, suffering under symptoms of cerebral disease, tending to mania. Be it remarked that her skin was perfectly whole. Her father was told that in eight days he might inquire respecting her, and when he did so he was informed that she was better. Subsequently he was induced to think all was not right. He wrote on the 18th to the authorities, and they replied, saying that he had better fetch her away. To his great horror he found her in a dreadful condition: her bones were visible through her skin, the right side of her face, nose, and upper lip deeply cut, wounds and raw places on her elbows, hips, knees, ankles, and on the outer sides of her legs. On the 21st she died; and on the 25th an investigation took place. The matron and four female keepers were examined; and they referred the injuries to various causes. The matron said that the wounds on the body were caused by the "cut ends and rough portions" of the straw on which the poor wretch had made her bed, and the cuts on the nose, cheek, and lip by a broken cup out of which she had been fed! The "four female keepers" denied having seen any wounds when they undressed her for the bath; but they did not agree as to when she was bathed, or what clothes she wore. Sir Alexander Morrison, of the hospital, thought the wounds were produced by the poor girl knocking herself about; and Dr. Wood was of opinion that they were self-inflicted by pricking. In opposition to these statements is to be placed the declaration of the dying girl, attested by the surgeon and clergyman who attended her, that she had been beaten by a woman. The post mortem examination led to the belief that she died of a disease of the brain. It does not appear that any decided measures were taken by the board, but most probably the investigation will be further pursued.

A burglar at Walsall, resisting capture, received a deep gash in the head from a policeman's cutlass, and died thereof. The jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide.

A gang of burglars have been tracked and taken who have been infesting the Eastern Counties.

Irish crime seems to have been rather more plentiful last week. A rick of corn has been burnt in the county of Waterford, and a house and stores at Ennisceorthy. Patrick Hall and Martin Murphy conspired to murder Mr. W. J. Wallace, J.P., county Wexford, but were discovered by the police. Batt Hussey, an Irishman, living in Cork County, was reported to have left home last December. At the same time a body was found in the river Moyne. Of course a jury was empanelled, and a verdict was given of "Found drowned." Four miles off lived the family of the dead man, yet he was unrecognized. In his pocket, however, was found a small scrap of a letter, and this led to the detection of the alleged murderers. They are the wife, four sons, one daughter, and a man servant of Batt Hussey. The evidence against them is not at all clear; and it is more probable that Hussey fell into the river than that he was drowned by his family. Patrick M-Carten stabbed a bailiff sent to execute a decree on some lands.

The chief commissioner from Holland to the Exposition, Mr. F. G. Camp, has committed suicide. The duties he had to perform in Hyde-park, and the speed with which he had to perform them, together with the appointment of another commissioner, upset the balance of his mind, and, locking himself up in his room, he hung himself to the bed frame with a piece of cord. He was only twenty-four years of age. The jury, who sat at 21, Finsbury-square, returned a verdict of temporary insanity. The Reverend Mr. Smith, who killed Mr. Armstrong, by incautiously firing a revolver, has been admitted to bail. Joseph Samuels has been fully committed to take his trial for criminal assault upon Elizabeth Davey. Mr. Talbot, secretary of the Society for the Protection of Young Females, came before Mr. Yardley, at the Thames Police-office, on Wednesday, and stated he had discovered that the charge of Harriett Newman against Samuel Day was a conspiracy. Mr. Yardley said he had doubts of the case, but could now do nothing. A Pole presented a begging letter to Mr. Hardwick, in Marlborough-street, on Wednesday, stating that he had had a passport to Lyons, but that the French authorities had obliged him to embark for England, when M. Sulzonski, the secretary of the Polish Society, made the following curious explanation:—He said it was an exceedingly common case. For some time past it had been the practice of the France



authorities to clear their country of idle, profligate, or criminal foreigners by sending them to England. He believed that not fewer than 800 doubtful characters had been within a limited period sent to this country. This practice would account for the appearance of the applicant here, who, although with a passport to Lyons, was compelled, when he got to that city, to leave it, and to embark at Boulogne for England. The French Government had doubtless found out that the applicant was without visible means of subsistence, and had, in the customary way, provided means for getting him out of France into England. The man was slightly relieved. The offence of stabbing has been frequent this week; and one young man, Frederick Judd, stands charged with perjury.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

A petition has been presented to the House of Commons against the return of Mr. Bethell, setting forth that he was by himself and agents guilty of bribery and corruption at the last election; that Mr. Calvert, friend, return had been declared void, became an agent, friend, manager, and partizan of Mr. Bethell; and that Messrs. Acton Tindal, J. and J. Ward, C. Wheeler, R. Benson, G. DeFrame, J. James, J. Jones, J. Prickett, and that a certain individual known as the "Man in the Moon," alias Crouch, and others, who had been the agents of Mr. Calvert, were the agents, friends, managers, and partisans of Mr. Bethell.

The Birmingham Association for Promoting the Repeal of the taxes on Knowledge have prepared a memorial to the Chancellor of the Exchequer which has already received upwards of six thousand signatures, including the mayor, members of Parliament, high and low bailiffs, and many of the clergy and members of the town council. When completed it is expected to have 15,000 genuine signatures, and will be 700 feet long.

At professor Tennant's last lecture upon mineralogy, at King's College, he exhibited the largest lump of Californian gold yet brought to this country. It was dug out of an alluvial bank at Carson's Creek, on the Stanislaus river, in August, 1850. It is a water-worn specimen, and weighs 18lb. 3oz. 8grs.; and its value as a specimen is about £1000. It is the property of the Bank of England.

In consequence of the reduction of the duty on bricks, many of the brickmakers at Altrincham, near Manchester, have increased the size of their moulds, without giving any additional wages to the labourers, whose work is increased thereby. The latter have, therefore, turned out, and considerable dissatisfaction exists among them.

A solitary meeting of the old type, so well known as "Papal Aggression Meetings" some months ago, took place in a dreary way at Liverpool on Tuesday, resolving to preserve our Protestant institutions in their integrity, to make the divine law paramount in politics, the Papal Question a test at the next election, and closing with the "usual compliments to the chairman."

A most extraordinary case of fraud in the corn trade has come to light this week, by which several parties in Dublin will be severe sufferers. It appears that a house in Ghent obtained advances from various houses in London, Liverpool, Belfast, and Dublin, upon bills of lading for cargoes of corn, which bills of lading it now turns out are either fictitious or forgeries, and the parties here are left completely minus. Amongst the sufferers here are Messrs. Perrins and Wright for £1300, another house for £1000. A house in Liverpool is a sufferer for £5000; and it is said that the entire amount obtained by this successful raid was about £60,000, while the parties have levanted, and nothing is forthcoming for the creditors. It is difficult to imagine how shrewd men of business here and elsewhere could be so taken in, but it is partly to be accounted for by the intense competition in the corn trade. It shows, however, the utterly valueless character of bills of lading for goods.—*Dublin Freeman*.

The one meeting in England has a fellow in Ireland. A great demonstration came off at Dublin on the 29th, in the Rotunda. The place was crowded to excess. They resolved that they would yield to none in loyalty; that the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was a gross and intolerable violation of religious liberty; that the Irish representatives ought to oppose the bill and the Ministry; that Lord Aberdeen, and Sir James Graham, and the Irish members, deserved their warmest thanks; that the Convent Bill disgusted and enraged them; that a petition should be drawn up against it; and that simultaneous meetings should be held on the second Sunday in May all over Ireland to get up said petitions. Mr. W. Keogh was the chief and best speaker. There is a rumour that he is to be Solicitor-General for Ireland. His opposition to the bill and attack upon the Whigs was unmitigated.

At a public meeting at the Council-hall, Sheffield, on Thursday last, it was resolved, "That Ebenezer Elliott's long, zealous, and successful advocacy of free trade, and his great genius as a poet, deserve to be publicly acknowledged, by the erection of a monument to his memory." A subscription has accordingly been entered into, and £200 has been already subscribed, chiefly in Sheffield.

M. Thadée Wolynski has published a letter in the *Refugee Circular* stating that all the reports published by M. Dossy respecting his comradeship, as well as about the willingness to go to America, manifested by him or by his companions, or about the change of determination produced by Mr. Worrell's visit on board of ship, is, to say the least, totally incorrect. A report also appears thanking the operatives' committee of Liverpool for their exertions; and the people of Sheffield, who have really done great and wise things in behalf of the Polish and Hungarian refugees. The Sheffield friends of the refugees, comprising eighteen town councillors, have taken fourteen into their own homes; and a theatrical performance has taken place, one-half the proceeds of which has been placed at their disposal by Mr. Dillon, the manager.

At the annual meeting of the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, Reverend H. Legge in the chair, it was reported that out of 976 patients admitted, 550 had

been cured, 166 relieved, and 260 now in attendance. These patients consisted of clerks, needlewomen, domestic servants, distressed foreigners, soldiers, sailors, and police. The principal causes of deafness were to be traced to the fact of living in confined and damp localities, to intemperance, want of cleanliness, out-of-door exercise, insufficient and adulterated food, wet feet and clothes, sleeping in damp rooms and unaired beds.

We understand that the committee of the Anti-state-church Association having tendered an advertisement, containing a brief statement of the principles, object, &c., of the society, for insertion in the Exhibition Catalogue, the same was, after the lapse of a few days, returned by the Commissioners as "inadmissible." We suppose that, in the present distracted state of the Church, it was not thought expedient to give currency to information of so suggestive a character.

The dwellers in the pleasant places round about Kensington Gardens are not disposed to have their grassy promenade taken from them, without resistance on their part. A capital meeting was held on Monday at Notting-hill; strong resolutions were passed, and a petition to the Queen agreed to, all which are evidence that it is not so easy for a Lord Commissioner of Woods and Forests to cut rides where he pleases. It is now currently reported that the ride will be on the south bank of the Serpentine, in Hyde-park.

The Governments of England and Sardinia have concluded a reciprocal treaty of commerce and navigation. The plenipotentiaries have signed it; the Piedmontese Chamber has substantially ratified it by a large majority; and it only remains for the British Parliament to do the like. The most important provisions of this treaty are—the complete reciprocity established thereby with respect to freedom of commerce, and reciprocity of navigation, placing British and Sardinian vessels on precisely the same footing, and the admission of Great Britain to all the advantages of the reduced tariff recently conceded by Sardinia to Belgium. This tariff reduces the duties on the great majority of products and raw material imported by Great Britain to Sardinia fifty per cent., and in a few cases much more. The treaty will be mutually beneficial.

Apocryphal of the most inflammatory kind has been published in Paris, shrewdly suspected of being the work of the police; even the correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* believes it "too absurdly alarming to be the work of the insatiable democrats." The French democratic papers have published an address to the people, signed by twenty-four Montagnard representatives, calling upon the friends of the Republic to remain quiet, and not to give a pretext for a violation of the constitution by raising insurrections or émeutes. The Ministry are doing all they can to bring about an outbreak on the 4th of May. M. Corne has been elected to fill the vacancy in the Council of State.

Stories relating to a pretended interview between M. de Persigny and General Changarnier have been going the round of the papers. These stories have no foundation in fact.

Austria has raised fresh difficulties about the liberation of Kossuth and his companions in exile, and insists upon their continued detention. Sir Stratford Canning had had an important interview with the Sultan. The Russians seek to prolong their occupation of the Danubian provinces indefinitely, by raising claims with which the Porte is not in a state to comply.

The lithographed *Correspondence* of Berlin has received information of a terrible and wide-spread conspiracy, whose purposes are, of course, revolutionary. The headquarters of this body are said to be London, the chief seat of their operations the south of France, with active committees and subcommittees in Germany, Italy, and Spain; the conspirators are said to be provided with pecuniary resources, and to have established a perfect system of military organization, the ultimate aim of which is the proclamation of a European social republic. Information of the conspiracy has been received by the Governments of Vienna and St. Petersburg, and appears to be credited there!!

General Espartero has published a manifesto to the Progresista party. He expresses his gratitude for having been elected its president. The Progresistas have returned three out of the five candidates for Madrid—viz., General Mikuel and M. M. Sagrati and Mendizabal.

The King of Holland gave an audience, a few days ago, to Baron Billing, who is charged by the French Government to negotiate treaties with those of Holland, Belgium, and England, for the suppression of literary piracy. The audience lasted three hours, and the King warmly expressed his interest on the subject.

On the 9th ult. the court-martial of Piacenza condemned nineteen banditti to death, and one to twenty years' imprisonment with hard labour. Fifteen of the former were executed immediately; the punishment of the other four was commuted to twenty years of *carcere duro*.

### VAUXHALL GARDENS.

The royal and ancient gardens of Vauxhall opened on Thursday with an éclat which augurs well for the success of the season. Again in the hands of Mr. Wardell, the gardens have undergone very many improvements; many of the rural avenues and walks which had become overgrown and out of use, have been thrown open and made available. There appears every determination to make this establishment worthy of the Great Exhibition year and to satisfy even our foreign visitors, used as they are to the most excellent arrangements in out-of-door entertainments. An efficient corps of masters of the ceremonies, under direction of the indefatigable Mr. B. Barnett, has displaced the ancient nonsense, and the result was that amid a huge company of English and Foreigners, animated by an exuberance of frolicsome festivity, the evening passed off without the slightest *contrelas*. Several of the aristocracy were present as spectators of the joyous scene.

### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

It is impossible to acknowledge the mass of letters we receive. Their insertion is often delayed, owing to a press of matter; and when omitted it is frequently from reasons quite independent of the merits of the communication.

Communications should always be legibly written, and on one side of the paper only. If long, it increases the difficulty of finding space for them.

All letters for the Editor should be addressed to 10, Wellington-street, Strand, London.

## Postscript.

SATURDAY, May 3.

Ministers were beaten last night by a majority of 14 on the income tax.

In a committee of the whole House upon the income tax, on the motion being put that the several rates and duties be continued for the term of three years, Mr. Hume moved, as an amendment, to limit the duration of the tax to one year, with a view of instituting an inquiry by a select committee into the mode of assessing and collecting the tax. He did not wish to get rid of the tax, but he wished it modified. He was in favour of direct taxation. Under the present system capital did not pay an equal proportion of taxation.

The motion was seconded by Mr. Alderman Thompson, who did not agree with Mr. Hume on the policy of increasing direct taxation. He was of opinion that "the most convenient way of raising a portion of the revenue was by a moderate duty on foreign produce." Mr. Mowatt would vote for the amendment, because it would facilitate the revision of the income tax, and lead to the establishment of the system of direct taxation. Mr. Buck made a speech in favour of protection:—

"Taxation was so unbearable that emigrants from the most industrious classes of the community wrote home to their friends urging them to join them, and saying that they would fifty times rather live in republican America, where the producer as well as the consumer was protected, than in monarchical England, with its unjust and oppressive class legislation."

Mr. Macgregor supported the amendment, and a modification of the mode of levying the income tax. The Marquis of GRANBY thought that "the worst species of indirect taxation was better than the best-adjusted income tax."

Mr. Cobden pointed out to Mr. Hume that the motion he had submitted did not bring the real question to an issue:—

"If he had brought forward the motion in a form declaring that it was expedient, on renewing the income tax, to impose a smaller charge on precarious incomes than upon those derived from permanent property, then the House might have had a division which would have fairly brought to issue the question that he desired to see decided; but the division would have been against him."

Mr. Cobden then placed the question in its true light, by showing the discrepancy between the reasons urged in support of Mr. Hume's motion. Mr. Buck had opposed the income tax as a tax which pressed upon the agriculturists; while Mr. Alderman Thompson let the House a little into the secret when he recommended them to remove the income tax and make up the deficiency by imposing duties upon our imports:—

"The labourer when he drank his beer swallowed as much duty-paying liquid as the nobleman did when he drank his claret. It was impossible to put those two classes more nearly on a level than they were at present, and, therefore, no additional burden should be imposed on the weaker. Why should they mulct the labouring classes for the purpose of easing the wealthier portion of society?"

There were many other taxes he would repeal in preference to the income tax:—

"Upon every ground he should decline to join his honourable friend (Mr. Hume) in this motion. (*Ironical cheers from the Protectionist benches.*) If his honourable friend, or any honourable gentleman opposite, would tell him now he would advance one step towards the remodelling of this tax by bringing 150 gentlemen to vote for him who wanted to get rid of this tax, and vote an import duty upon grain in its place, he (Mr. Cobden) would vote for this motion."

Mr. JACOB BELL opposed Mr. Hume because he thought it inconvenient to endanger or embarrass Ministers. Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT would retain the income tax at least until the commercial policy of Sir Robert Peel was carried out. But he was opposed to direct taxation, though he admitted that it pressed severely upon the poor. Mr. WILLIAM MILES made a dull speech for Mr. Hume's proposition, but against his arguments. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER opposed both the arguments and the motion of Mr. Hume. He was not in favour of direct taxation, and he could not consent to the limitation of the tax to one year. Europe was in a precarious position politically. Would they endanger the stability of credit at such a period, when nobody could say where anybody would be a few months hence?

Mr. DISRAELI cleverly pointed out that though the Opposition had been charged with fighting for protection under the cover of Mr. Hume's motion, yet it

could not be said they had, for the word had not escaped the lips of any speaker on his side. Turning to the subject before them, he showed, by a collection of quotations from speeches delivered in former years, the false statements upon which the House had been induced to grant, and the country to tolerate, the tax:—

"Great authorities elsewhere had lent their aid to mislead the community on the subject. For example, he found one Mr. Cobden, in a speech elsewhere, in 1845, before the repeal of the corn laws, thus expounding to a large and popular audience—'The income tax is a fungus growing from the tree of monopoly'—(*great laughter*)—the very income tax that the same gentleman in the House now told them was the foundation of the new commercial system, the only guarantee, and so forth,—'a fungus growing from the tree of monopoly—that one great monopoly, the corn law, alone renders this tax necessary'—(*cheers and laughter*);—and then the honourable gentleman, commencing that high prophetic vein in which he had since so often indulged, went on—'With free trade there will be no income tax.'"*(Renewed cheers from the Opposition benches.)*

The Chancellor of the Exchequer had said in 1845 that attempts had been made to answer the general argument against the income tax. It was not clear to Mr. Disraeli that his friends would vote against a motion for modifying the mode of assessing professional incomes; the present mode could not be long maintained. Direct taxation he maintained led to confiscation. He felt it to be his duty to support the amendment of the honourable member for Montrose.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL opposed the motion. If Mr. Hume wished the tax to be permanent, he was immediately supported by those who wished it to be done away with altogether. (*Laughter.*) If he was anxious to establish direct in the place of indirect taxation, he was immediately supported by those who were in favour of indirect taxation, who would carry it to a far greater extent than was the case at present, and who would abolish direct taxes with a view to increasing indirect taxation:—

"The words of the honourable gentleman (Alderman Thompson) who rose so immediately, as the fugleman of his party, to support the amendment, were 'foreign produce,' meaning, as the House perfectly understood, that foreign produce which was usually known by the name of corn. (*Laughter and cheers.*) The honourable member for Buckinghamshire, however, could not bear the eagerness with which his honourable friend (Alderman Thompson) rushed forward in favour of the amendment. They never had a question brought forward in that House with regard to local taxation, or the malt tax, or any matter affecting the landed interest or the general taxation of the country, but some of the honourable gentleman's (Mr. Disraeli's) supporters got up, and, with the manliness which belonged to their character as a party, made the avowal, 'After all, our real object is the restoration of protection.' Then the honourable gentleman (Mr. Disraeli) always had to rise after them—(*great laughter*)—and to say, 'Don't take them at their word—(*laughter*)—whatever you may have heard, I did not hear it.' (*Renewed laughter.*) Indeed the honourable gentleman always happened to be in such a situation that he did not hear a word of protection—(*a laugh*)—though most honourable gentlemen on both sides might have heard the necessity of a restoration of protective duties frequently reiterated. (*Laughter.*) He thought the honourable gentleman would at length get tired if his friends would always march forward when he wished them to keep back—(*a laugh*)—if they would persist in constantly getting out of the line, and if they would be always firing off their muskets when he wished them to reserve their fire. (*Laughter.*) He thought the honourable gentleman would at last say, one of these days, 'Upon my word, you are too bad; I will not march through Coventry with you any more.'"*(Loud laughter.)*

Lord John thought the question really was between income tax or protection, but he should be willing to rest the decision as proposed in the amendment. Mr. MUNTZ and Mr. ROEBUCK supported, and Mr. GEACH opposed, the amendment.

The House then divided, when the numbers were—

For the amendment .....	244
Against it .....	230

Majority against Ministers .... 14

Various questions were put to Ministers last night. We learn from them that the ride will be removed to Kensington-gardens; that Lord John Russell does not think that the Synod proposed to be held by the Bishop of Exeter is a real synod, or that it is illegal, and he thinks the name chosen very unfortunate; and that passports are not required from foreigners on landing in England.

On the motion of Mr. Trelawney a select committee was nominated to sit on church rates; and on the motion of Mr. Headlam also a select committee on the law of mortmain.

It is reported that a Government inspector will be sent to investigate the cause of the railway accident reported elsewhere.

Viou, the murderer of M. Desfontaines, was tried at the Court of Assizes in Paris on Tuesday. Viou was a servant, who, seduced by the reputed wealth of his master, broke his head, packed the body in a trunk, and sent it off by train into the country. He was condemned to death. When the foreman of the jury read the verdict the tears streamed down his cheeks, but Viou stood quite unaffected.

# The Leader.

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1851.

## Public Affairs.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world is by the very law of its creation in eternal progress.—DR. ARNOLD.

### MAY DAY.

EUROPE has been keeping May Day in Hyde Park, and Victoria was Queen of the May.

Wonderment itself was scarcely prepared for the strain put upon it that day—to see the endless lines of carriages, all converging upon the one point,—the endless streams of people, of all conditions. You could not have supposed that any city could supply such unbroken strings of luxurious vehicles, such unbroken streams of living creatures. The building was filled, surrounded; the crowd around it was surrounded by a crowd to look at the crowd; doors and windows, by the way, were crowded to see the crowds go by; until the streets without, still the channel for the passing streams, looked exhausted of their own proper life. The excitement grew greater at the contemplation of itself, and thoughts which had been the slumbering occupants of the breast, rose to unexpected tumult in sympathy with the tumult around.

All converging to one point; yet what a boundless variety of motives that day animated the world pouring into Hyde Park, or looking on around!—the author of the scene, a unit in the crowd himself had made, realizing a vision beyond his fancy; his colleagues in getting up the project, royal, titled, illustrious in art or science, now enjoying a deserved triumph of success surpassing hope; the exhibitors, whose inventions, labours, arts, moneys, exertions, of head and hand, of heart and limb, had piled up that wondrous treasury of merchandise; the architect, who had devised the Crystal Palace, named on this day from China to Peru; the wealthy of the metropolis and its visitors, carriage-riding holders of "season tickets," come to view the sight; the statesmen, watching for the public peace; the crowd, in every variety of condition, from the luxurious lounge to the half-famished workman stirred with dark invidious thoughts, from the scientific philosopher to the speculative pickpocket; the busy banded police; the military, watchful in the hidden distance; the publican, chuckling to see such torrents of "custom" wandering near his bait; the coachman tribe, busy in a moving labyrinth of perplexities; the politician, scanning the elements of the assembly; the court, peacocking itself, as an Italian would say, in its required splendours; the Queen, coming to crown the ceremony, her brow heavy with the cares of empire, her heart light with the exultation of the day; the musicians, waiting to pour the triumphant stream of harmony which shall bring that chaos to one; the arch priest, waiting to speak for all to the Sustainer of All, by whose blessed permission they had met together.

What a chaos of first motives—how subdued to one idea! The scene was typical of the world's condition—a vast assemblage of powers, as yet unmeasured in their capacity, but half reduced to order; armed force still watching to supply the defect in the organization of society; society but half served by its own toil—some rolling in luxury, some weary and afoot, dusty, hungry, envying, and dangerous; yet in that crystal edifice was great work done, and all that crowd was ruled, perforce, by one dominant idea—a reverent pride in the achievement of humanity.

Ordinary "Politics" are overwhelmed for the day. Protection has been attempting its displays this week—forgotten in the holiday of the Exposition. Yet Protection is half right—"Live and let live" is the first rule; and all those powers assembled at the bidding of Industrial Art are as yet but half able to benefit mankind,—for want of organization. "And you will not accomplish organization," says Free Trade, "by barring the exchange of industry": most true; Free Trade has removed the bar to the concert of nations; but to throw down the barrier is not to organize those whom it severed; and the positive half of Free

Trade's doctrine, "Each for himself," will not organize a People even within its own bounds. "The selfish principle" does not hold: on that day there was not one trader, brought to the place by self-interest, who did not lose the sense of self in the overpowering sense of the whole; pride for self, in a nobler exultation for what the whole has done. The spirit of Concert is the stronger feeling, and it is beginning to make its power known by name as well as felt, obeyed in council as well as in blind instinct. It is becoming fast known as the master principle of material society. Many in that multitude—numbers who, but a few years back, never thought of it as the vital principle of society—knew that it was the one thing wanting to reduce that chaos to order, to make those half-developed powers fruitful, to bring the too scattered action of society to one, even as the sounding harmony of that day brought the pulses of all hearts to beat in concord, and as the invocation of the one Father united all spirits in loving obedience.

May Day comes to us again—not to "Merry Old England," as our forefathers knew it, stout in labour and sport, heedless of the uninvited science of "political economy"; but now careworn, multitudinous, perplexed about many a social "question," calling each other "surplus population" or "tyrant aristocrats"; yet at last beginning to make a festival of industry, taking counsel together, turning back from sectism and scepticism to a common faith; and beginning to pick out of half doctrines the great truth, that concert among men is the completion of Labour, the human part in the harmony of God's universe.

### PROGRESS OF POOR LAW REFORM.

PERHAPS the most marvellous, certainly the most cheering, social phenomenon of our day, is the fact that as the labour question is marching on towards its peremptory demand for solution, a new crop of opinion, precisely of the right sort, is sprouting up in every part of the country. If we feel a difficulty in handling the subject, it is from an oppressive sense of this spontaneous growth, its abundance and good quality, and of the necessity for gathering it together. You can scarcely push your inquiries into any part of England, without encountering proofs of this sort.

Bedford is not the most advanced of county towns—it will not be suspected of ultra-liberalism, of communistic tendencies, or of any other innovating propensity: and yet it supplies a striking specimen of practical Poor Law Reform. It has been the practice in that place to instruct the young children cast upon the union in various occupations; the consequence is, that instead of remaining paupers for life, a burden to the ratepayers in expense, and a burden to themselves through that semi-existence which is the lot of the hereditary pauper, the union children have passed into active employment as fast as they could be trained. There have been the usual dogmatic warnings against "overstocking the labour market," and so forth; but concurrently with this training of the pauper children into industrious workers, there has been a striking diminution of the gross number of paupers chargeable to the union. Experiment, in fact, has so well succeeded on this point, that dogmatic economy has considerably lost in authority; and we believe that Bedford would be quite open to conviction on the subject of reproductive employment, if the mass of opinion on that point, which has spontaneously grown up in so many parts of the country, were collected into one.

Let us take another example from a totally different county, Cheshire. The following suggestions have been sent to us by a clergyman of great experience in such matters, as the mere rough draft of a plan for improving the Poor Law administration. That they would be in themselves a great reform upon the present system we need not say; but for the present purpose their chief value lies in showing the extent to which opinion has been developed and matured among practical men:—

"1. That whereas the working classes of this country, liable in cases of destitution to chargeability under poor-law administration, are employed, either directly or indirectly, for the convenience and luxury of all persons, of whatever rank, profession, or business, enjoying the citizenship of Great Britain, it is expedient that one general and uniform standard of taxation be adopted, distributing the public burdens equally and fairly over all kinds of property.

"2. That, in accordance with the foregoing premises, it is also expedient that the pecuniary aid already granted by the Government for certain items of union-expenditure, should be extended to the payment of the salaries and expenses of all officers employed in reference to poor-



perism and mendicancy, and to the sanitary and social condition of the people.

"3. That poor-law administration would be greatly amended, and union-expenditure proportionally diminished, by any measures which might more clearly distinguish between destitution arising from misfortune and that which is traceable to vice or indolence, and which, in lieu of all out-door relief, except in casual emergencies, might provide for the salutary supervision and maintenance of all permanent paupers, and for the entire employment of the partially-disabled, and of children in remunerative occupations—that is to say, for the disreputable in the workhouses, for the reputable, if superannuated, in district hospitals or almshouses, under the resident superintendence of the relieving officers; if partially disabled or children, in Government industrial establishments, receiving inmates at a reduced scale of charges, upon the solicitation of boards of guardians."

Two objections are commonly advanced against reproductive employment, that the pauper ought not to compete with the independent labourer; and that there is no work for him excepting by such competition. The objection to competition in this shape, is a curious sample of imperfect Socialism. Both the objections are fallacious when thoroughly examined; but, bearing them in mind, we have asked whether there is work to which spare labour might be applied in Bedford or in Cheshire? Unquestionably there is. In Bedford there are various local improvements which might not "pay" any individual speculator, but would give ample return for labour, and be highly beneficial to the community. Our Cheshire friend suggests, that the clearing of Delmire Forest would render that tract far more profitable than it is now, would open a wide scope for able-bodied labour, and, instead of creating any competition with the independent workmen, such a plan would render public labour available in extending the field for the independent. The same suggestion is applicable to the New Forest, in Hampshire, and to Epping Forest, in Essex—great fields of public work, which might be introduced into two districts now rotted to the very foundation of society by the canker of pauperism in its worst form—a pauperized state of the whole labouring population.

There is, however, no part of the country where similar ideas and similar facilities will not be found. At the present moment we are only noting the instances which come before us in the current week, and which illustrate the incessant and rapid growth of opinions all tending to the one point—reconstruction of the Poor Law, most especially by the industrial employment of the able bodied, in order to lay the foundation for retrieving and reorganizing the labour of the country.

#### ARMY REFORM.

The *United Service Gazette* has been good enough to criticize "The Army" clauses of the Chartist programme with much ability and force. In spite of all the objections urged by the military critic to the Chartist scheme, he does not deny, nor can he deny, that there are great and manifold evils in our army organization. The Chartist proposal may contain blunders; but while both soldier and officer endure truly serious grievances, and while the military journals not unnaturally shrink from outspoken on such subjects, it cannot be a matter of surprise that *lay* journals should take up the question.

The *United Service Gazette* admits that the "abolition of promotion by purchase would be an excellent thing in the British army under the present constitution;" while it properly objects to promotion by set gradation as the remedy. But it will be time enough to fall foul of the Chartists, and their notions on army reform, when the military authorities have remedied the admitted evils.

For example, will our contemporary help us to remedy the grievance to which "Civis" in the *Times* so justly directs public attention for the hundredth repetition—"Barrack accommodation for married soldiers?"

"When soldiers are in barracks, the military authorities usually assign a room to every twelve or twenty men. This room serves these twelve or twenty men for their board-room by day and their dormitory by night."

"Into this room one of these above-mentioned men, 'marring with leave,' and enjoying the indulgence of matrimony on account of his respectability, is allowed to introduce his wife, who (with her offspring) is also permitted the exquisite privilege of sleeping every night of her life in an apartment with from twelve to twenty dragoon, or foot, soldiers, as the case may be, separated from them only by a thin linen curtain."

"Chacun à son goût. One may, I think, fairly feel surprise that these respectable men are able to find any wives at all—I say nothing about respectable ones. A case has just been mentioned to me in which one of this privileged class has a wife and two daughters, aged respectively fifteen and eighteen, living in the above manner."

#### THE WAR AT NOTTING-HILL.

CIVILIZATION is gradually enlarging its boundaries, but not without resistance, inch by inch, from retreating barbarism. Sometimes the frontier in contest is a moral one, as between bigotry and freedom; sometimes it is the overt, material, geographical boundary, as at the Cape of Good Hope, between Englishmen and Caffrarian, or at Notting-hill, between London of 1851 and benighted England of 1581. The condition of this campaign country is not generally known.

The Park is hard by, with its collected specimens of Art and Industry from all Nations; Kensington Gardens extend to the very ground, smoothed with the last touches of cultivated taste, blooming with the loveliest contributions selected by botanic science from the arboretum of the world; workmen are finishing off the perfection, by executing the improvement which John Claudius Loudon demanded years ago, in substituting an iron rail and (we suppose) a hedge in lieu of the dead wall on the north side, just while the Woods and Forests, Arcadian spirits, are introducing the tiled centaurs from the opposite.

Old Barbarism stands unmoved, upon his own ground. The "Potteries," long the eyecore of the rural parts abutting on Bayswater, are immovable. The Potteries were once the scene of industry, feeding upon the native clay in the lowlands between Bayswater and Kensal-green; but that primitive occupation has long died out, and now the Potteries are a vast *Piggery*, both in the metaphorical and the literal sense of the word. They are the city-metropolitan to a rugged, swampy, broken, dirty desert, stretching parallel to the nearest and most captivating parts of Notting-hill; under every bush and every tree, you may encounter an incubus from that mysterious city of the desert—but you would rather not experience such encounter. The region is blasted, not blessed, by those horrid harbingers of civilization, brickfields; by "shells," not of the sad sea wave, nor of the rustic nut, but of unfinished houses; and by the spirits that haunt such places—gnomes and ghouls, not unknown to the police.

The contending powers confront each other with equal hardihood. St John's Church steeple stands forth, like an advanced and consecrated banner, into the very midst of the accursed desert; the Rookery keeps its ground right opposite to the new Palace Gardens. New houses advance in orderly columns against the enemy; but the *Piggery* maintains its Pound in the very heart of Notting-hill, *olim* Kensington Gravel Pits. The noisome antiquity lies by the side of the Turnpike,—that barricade of Barbarism against the march of Civilization's cavalry. In vain does Albert Tavern establish an outpost of public meeting and conviviality, when that inexorable pike bars the approach of cab or carriage. "Will I drive at the pike, yer honour?" used to be the Irish postilion's query to the traveller. By all means drive at the pike; and assuredly it shall fall, or be pushed back. "Notting-hill is coming forward," but more vigorously than it did in the cause of Hungary; for its Austria is nearer home. Notting-hill is rousing itself, Bayswater feels that it must awake, arise, &c., and Kensington is buckling on its armour. Let the leaders of the old régime look out for a brisker campaign this spring: we warn them that there will be attacks on their boasted outposts—the sanguinary pound, where they reek their blood-minded wills on poor starving ponies; the Turnpike, accursed of omnibus and cab; the *Piggery*, the Rookery, and all that howling waste which stretches from the vale of Westbourne to the Bush of Shepherd, yea, even to the North Pole and the Land of Ob.

#### BOARD LAW ILLEGAL.

ONE of the most dangerous practices of Parliament is that of delegating—to the Lords of the Treasury and to other Government functionaries—the power of legislating by orders in council, or proclamation, which gives the Government despotic power.

Another evil is that of prohibiting the public from putting the law in force, by enacting that the Attorney-General only shall have the power of enforcing those laws which Parliament enacts. This gives the substance of legislation to the Attorney-General. So it is that the Stamp-office has consolidated the despotism under which the press now exists. Thus it is contrary to law for any persons to publish events or occurrences without the newspaper stamp; but it being impossible to force so entire a suppression, a law was formed by which the Attorney-General only is allowed to enforce this act. The consequence is, that the Board at the Stamp-office—

a board being a thing without a soul—allow such papers to exist as they please, and events and occurrences are recorded in more unstamped than stamped newspapers; but whilst they abstain from giving political events and occurrences the Stamp-office is quiet. If they assume to give political instruction they are sued for penalties. The necessary effect of such a system is oppressive. It is impossible to estimate the extent of a suppressive law. No one can estimate the good that would result from an unborn thought.

But we have now one means of estimating the effect of suppressive systems. When Rowland Hill commenced his agitation against suppressive postage, the letters that went through the Post-office annually were about eighty-eight millions. Since the penny postage, letters through the Post-office have more than quadrupled, so that here were more than three thoughts suppressed out of every four. Let us reflect that every practical good that is, was once theory—was born of thought; and then consider how the thoughts floating among the masses are prevented from germination, and we may form some faint idea of the extent of suppression produced by this hateful law.

#### CHARTISM IN THE MOUTH OF WHIGGISM.

ALL Europe knows that the *Globe* is the sole Whig organ in the London press; we noticed lately its entrance into the discussion of Universal Suffrage; and, in the number for Tuesday last, we find the following remarkable passage. The writer has been contrasting the freedom of England, and its consequent safety, with the ill contrived despotism of Austria and Naples, and their consequent danger:—

"Our Italian visitors would see with astonishment the security to persons and property enforced by a trading and labouring class that governed and taxed itself, and whose voluntary liberality has this year raised an edifice which would have staggered a dozen Chancellors of the Exchequer. Even those elements of our society over which some advocates might feel inclined to throw a veil, will bear a favourable comparison with the corresponding features in despotic countries. Even the class whose cry for the full franchise is being forced upon us as one of the most perilous problems of our day, find that already their real share in Government is proportioned to the elevation in sobriety, frugality, and capacity for organization. We were told the other day, for example, that the Chartists of the Potteries had the election of guardians in their own hands. The Parliamentary election for Bury is in a similar manner almost entirely at the disposal of the enfranchised class. And, to give an idea of the unselfish aims prevalent among our working men, we were assured the other day by a most intelligent observer, that no achievement would give the Government of the day greater popularity among the Chartist body, than the news that English influence had obtained the enlargement of Kossuth."

We sincerely estimate this candour at its full value, the more since we verily believe that the statement here made will be positive information to many readers of the Whig journalist; so easy is it to nurse special ignorance in the best informed classes and countries.

#### WHY DO YOU DO IT?

EVEN the Driver of the Highbury Omnibus perceives the anomalies of your competitive and quasi free-trade system. Yes; the man who handles the ribbons of the hack team which draws the "Favourites"—he sees that you have no distinct and inviolable principle of action as the basis of society. You command him to widen his omnibus—why? Because a narrow omnibus is an inconvenience to the public. He aptly replies: "Why do you interfere with my private property? Is not private property sacred?" "Oh! you forget," rejoins the plethoric champion of order and competition on the box seat, "that your narrow omnibuses interfere with the comfort of the public, and especially with the knees of the ladies. My sense of modesty revolts at the idea, much more the fact, of bringing my knees in contact with the 'limbs' of a lady in a public vehicle! Besides, I might as well sometimes sit in a vice!" City people hold these arguments, and City authorities direct that omnibuses shall be so long and so broad; and yet City people object that the state should be made so long and so broad as to admit of all sitting down without pressing each other's knees, treading on each other's corns, or grinding each other's noses. Competition, where compatible with the gains of capital—but public control and limitation of the rights and sacredness of property, where competition and the "sacred rights" interfere with public omnibus-riding comfort. Hence, omnibuses 112 inches long, and Parliamentary trains at a penny a mile, in direct violation of the rights of property and the principle of competition.

**MEN'S THEORIES AND DESIRES.**—Pull to pieces a man's theory of things, and you will find it based upon facts collected at the suggestion of his desires. A fiery passion consumes all evidences opposed to its gratification, and, fusing together those that serve its purpose, casts them into weapons by which to achieve its end. There is no deed so vicious but what the actor makes for himself an excuse to justify; and, if the deed is often repeated, such excuse becomes a creed.—*Spencer's Social Statics.*

## Literature.

Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Birmingham Review*.

THE great topic of literary gossip just now is the new *Guild of Literature and Art*, started with such enthusiasm and personal sacrifice by gentlemen who have drawn out a well-considered plan for the improvement of the condition of authors. In general the response of the press has been hearty. The *Times* has distinguished itself by an insolent and ungenerous sneer both at the proposed Guild, and at the gentlemen who have undertaken to write and act for it. Difference of opinion on such a subject may well exist; but there is nothing to warrant sarcasm. Those who support the Guild will do so by voluntary gifts. No one will be forced to pay towards it. Why, then, impede the action of a charitable design, even should it not compass all that can be conceived?

Some misconception prevails respecting the possible good such a Guild may effect. To hope that it will foster and develop Art is to close our eyes against all experience. Academies and Guilds are good for professional men; they hurt rather than encourage Genius. *Les quarante qui ont de l'esprit comme quatre* will never swerve from their conventional route to recognize the eccentricity of the orbit of Genius. This is true; but those who raise an objection upon it against the new Guild, forget that Genius is a thing excessively rare and exceptional, to be reached by no Institution, and should, therefore, be left out of consideration in the discussion of the Guild. Besides the small exceptional class of Artists in the true sense of the word, there is at present a Fourth Estate of Literary Men, comprising talent and industry of infinite gradations, men who are incessantly employed in developing, applying, modifying, popularizing the discoveries of science, the conclusions of philosophy, and the gathered information of research; men who thus to a large extent may be considered as the workers of Progress; the engines of Civilization. Of this class many are improvident because their work is precarious, many because they are errant and reckless by temperament, but many more because they have no practicable means of being provident. How worse than useless—how ruinous it is for a man of letters to insure his life, when he is not certain from six months to six months that he can pay the premiums, and thus, perhaps, after years of saving lose all because he is not ready with one premium! One of the objects of the Guild is to make men insure their lives—to give them an *inducement* to this in the shape of a claim upon the Guild for Membership. But, unless the Insurance Office adopts some very different system, the inducement will not be strong enough to outweigh the obvious disadvantages. With men who can command the sum requisite to pay the premium, Insurance is an imperative duty; with men who never know how long they can command such a sum, it is perilous. Some scheme, therefore, to meet this difficulty—some assurance to the man of letters that the amounts paid by him would not be lost in the event of his being unable to continue—seems to us indispensable to the full realization of the project. Meanwhile, it is idle to say that because the Guild will not, cannot provide for the illustrious improvident, that, therefore, it is useless. If it provide for a few deserving men whom age or ill health have rendered unfit for the struggle with want—if it assist in the prosecution of some "work of noble note" which no publisher could pay for, but which a man might accomplish as an Associate, then, although it will leave England miserably behind France and Germany as respects the treatment of literary men, it will, at least, do worthy work. It justifies the hopes of its charitable founders. There is nothing more impedes progress in every way than the spirit of small objection—men setting themselves against a positive good,

because they foresee that all the good they conceive will not be accomplished, or because there are with the good some attendant evils of minor character. Offer these men the sun, and they refuse it, because it will not warm them during the night!

The Exhibition is not only the topic of the day, but has naturally enough absorbed almost all the Literature of the day. The two *Official Catalogues* must not be overlooked; they will be historical monuments. The larger Catalogue, which is descriptive and illustrated, is a work interesting in itself. The introductory chapters give a lucid account of the story of the Exhibition, from its first conception through all the stages of its execution; and the illustrative woodcuts will render it a delightful work to turn over hereafter, when the images have somewhat faded in our memory.

But, meanwhile, the Exhibition has stifled the Book Trade.

Among those rarities, New Books, let us note KELLY's *Journey to California* as the most lively, picturesque, and agreeable book that we have yet seen on this subject; and Dr. GREGORY's *Letters to a Candid Inquirer on Animal Magnetism*, which promises—on a cursory inspection—to be a truly philosophical exposition of the present condition of that much-debated question as regards those who favour Animal Magnetism. We shall return to both.

In France there is somewhat more activity. LAMARTINE has issued his long-talked of *Tailleur de Pierre de Saint-Point*—another specimen of his Village Narratives—and one we shall examine hereafter. DE BARANTE, the delightful author of the *History of the Burgundian Dukes*, has completed a work, the title of which raises expectation: *L'Histoire de la Convention Nationale, suivie de la Biographie de la Convention, 1792-1795*. It is to be in four volumes octavo. Those familiar with his style of writing history—*scribere ad narrandum non ad probandum*—will be curious to see how, in treating such a subject, he can abstain from the critical function, and simply narrate the events, as much as possible, in the words of eyewitnesses.

The French Revolution forms the Literary Diggings. The mine is inexhaustible. History, Pamphlet, Memoir, Novel, Biography, Drama, Letters, Sketches—every species of Literature finds pabulum there. And, after chronicling the work by DE BARANTE, it seems natural and proper to add something else on this eternal theme: it is nothing less than three volumes of Letters addressed by MIRABEAU to the Comte DE LA MARCK, the devoted servant of MARIE ANTOINETTE. They contain the history of all MIRABEAU's transactions with the Court: so that, at length, we shall know the actual truth of MIRABEAU's suspicious position during the last three years of his life. It was but a week or two since that the dialogue was discovered wherein MIRABEAU tells the whole passionate history of his love for SOPHIE; and now, from his own hand, we are to learn the history of his relation to the Court.

## ARCTIC VOYAGES.

Sir John Franklin and the Arctic Regions: showing the Progress of British Enterprise for the Discovery of the North-West Passage during the 19th Century. By F. L. SIMMONDS. George Routledge and Co.

THIS is really an interesting little volume, compiled from the works previously published on the subject, with the addition of some communications from Lady Franklin, Sir John Barrow, &c. It professes to be no more than a compilation; and, as such, is carefully though not very artistically executed. It contains succinct accounts of Captain Ross's voyage to Hudson's Bay in 1818; of Franklin and Buchanan's to Spitzbergen in 1818; of Franklin's First Land Expedition in 1819-21; of Parry's First Voyage in 1819-20, and Second Voyage in 1821-23; Lyon's Voyage in 1824; Parry's Third Voyage in 1824-25; Franklin's Second Land Expedition in 1825-6; Beechey's Voyage to Behring's Straits, 1826-28; Parry's Fourth Voyage, 1827; Ross's Second Voyage, 1829-33; Back's Land Journey, 1833-35; Dease and Simpson's Discoveries on the Coast of Arctic America,

1836-39; Sir John Franklin's Last Expedition, 1845; and of all the expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin.

To crowd all this matter into one volume of some four hundred pages much compression has, of course, been necessary; and, as a consequence, many of these pages are dry and uninteresting; but this occasional tedium is compensated by the animation of the other parts, and by the advantage of having under the eye a succinct view of all that has been done in the way of Arctic Discovery. The interest of some of these chapters is very great: adventures, life and death struggles, ingenuity of resource, glimpses of natural history and natural phenomena, and that halo of romance which always accompanies the perils and exploits of daring travellers, give many an extractable passage, but we must be sparing:—

## CRIMSON SNOW.

"A singular physical feature was noticed on the part of the coast near Cape Dudley Digges:—We have discovered (says Ross) that the snow on the face of the cliffs presents an appearance both novel and interesting, being apparently stained or covered by some substance which gave it a deep crimson colour. This snow was penetrated in many places to a depth of ten or twelve feet by the colouring matter. There is nothing new, however, according to Barrow, in the discovery of red snow. Pliny, and other writers of his time, mention it. Saussure found it in various parts of the Alps; Martin found it in Spitzbergen, and no doubt it is to be met with in most alpine regions."

## FOOD IN LIEU OF SLEEP.

"In the course of this tedious, and often laborious, progress through the ice, it became necessary to keep the whole of the crew at the most fatiguing work, sometimes for several days and nights without intermission. When this was the case, an extra meal was served to them at midnight, generally of preserved meat; and it was found that this nourishment, when the mind and body were both occupied, and the sun continually present, rendered them capable of remaining without sleep, so that they often passed three days in this manner without any visible inconvenience, returning after a meal to their labour on the ice or in the boats quite refreshed, and continuing at it without a murmur."

## THAWING OF OUR BREATH.

"The vapour, which had been in a solid state on the ship's sides, now thawed below, and the crew, scraping off the coating of ice, removed on the 8th of March above a hundred bucketsfull each, containing from five to six gallons, which had accumulated in less than a month, occasioned principally from the men's breath, and the steam of victuals at meals."

## A FIRE.

"On the forenoon of the 24th a fire broke out at the storehouse, which was used as an observatory. All hands proceeded to the spot to endeavour to subvert the flames, but having only snow to throw on it, and the mats with which the interior was lined being very dry, it was found impossible to extinguish it. The snow, however, covered the astronomical instruments and secured them from the fire, and when the roof had been pulled down the fire had burned itself out. Considerable as the fire was, its influence or heat extended but a very short distance, for several of the officers and men were frozen, bitten, and confined from their efforts for several weeks. John Smith, of the Artillery, who was Captain Sabine's servant, and who, together with Sergeant Martin, happened to be in the house at the time the fire broke out, suffered much more severely. In their anxiety to save the dipping needle, which was standing close to the stove, and of which they knew the value, they immediately ran out with it; and Smith not having time to put on his gloves, had his fingers in half an hour so benumbed, and the animation so completely suspended, that on his being taken on board by Mr. Edwards, and having his hands plunged into a basin of cold water, the surface of the water was immediately frozen by the intense cold thus suddenly communicated to it; and, notwithstanding the most humane and unremitting attention paid him by the medical gentlemen, it was found necessary, some time after, to resort to the amputation of a part of four fingers on one hand, and three on the other."

As a specimen of the Pleasures of an Arctic Winter, and the privations which the travellers had to endure, we extract this from the account of Franklin's First Land Expedition:—

"On the morning of the 5th of August they came to the mouth of a river blocked up with shoals, which Franklin named after his friend and companion Back.

"The time spent in exploring Arctic and Melville Sounds and Bathurst Inlet, and the failure of meeting with Esquimaux from whom provisions could be obtained, precluded any possibility of reaching Repulse Bay, and therefore having but a day or two's provision left, Franklin considered it prudent to turn back after reaching Point Turnagain, having sailed nearly 600 geographical miles in tracing the deeply indented coast of Coronation Gulf from the Coppermine River. On the 22nd August the return voyage was commenced, the boats making for Hood's River by the way of the Arctic Sound, and being taken as far up the stream as possible. On the 31st it was found impossible to proceed with them farther, and smaller canoes were made, suitable for crossing any of the rivers that might obstruct their progress. The weight carried by each man was about 90 lb., and with this they progressed at the rate of a mile an hour, including rests."





"On the 5th of September, having nothing to eat, the last piece of pemmican and a little arrow-root having formed a scanty supper, and being without the means of making a fire, they remained in bed all day. A severe snow-storm lasted two days, and the snow even drifted into their tents, covering their blankets several inches. Our suffering (says Franklin) from cold, in a comfortable canvas tent in such weather, with the temperature at 20 deg., and without fire, will easily be imagined; it was, however, less than that which we felt from hunger." "Weak from fasting and their garments stiffened with the frost, after packing their frozen tents and bedclothes the poor travellers again set out on the 7th."

"After feeding almost exclusively on several species of gyrophora, a lichen known as tripe de roche, which scarcely allayed the pangs of hunger, on the 10th, they got a good meal by killing a musk ox. To skin and cut up the animal was the work of a few minutes. The contents of its stomach were devoured upon the spot, and the raw intestines, which were next attacked, were pronounced by the most delicate amongst us to be excellent."

"Wearied and worn out with toil and suffering, many of the party got careless and indifferent. One of the canoes was broken and abandoned. With an improvidence scarcely to be credited, three of the fishing-nets were also thrown away, and the floats burnt."

"On the 17th they managed to allay the pangs of hunger by eating pieces of singed hide, and a little tripe de roche. This and some mosses, with an occasional solitary partridge, formed their invariable food; on very many days even this scanty supply could not be obtained, and their appetites became ravenous."

"Occasionally they picked up pieces of skin, and a few bones of deer which had been devoured by the wolves in the previous spring. The bones were rendered friable by burning, and now and then their old shoes were added to the repast."

"On the 26th they reached a bend of the Coppermine, which terminated in Point Lake. The second canoe had been demolished and abandoned by the bearers on the 23rd, and they were thus left without any means of water transport across the lakes and river."

"On this day the carcass of a deer was discovered in the cleft of a rock, into which it had fallen in the spring. It was putrid, but little less acceptable to the poor starving travellers on that account; and a fire being kindled a large portion was devoured on the spot, affording an unexpected breakfast."

"On the 1st of October one of the party, who had been out hunting, brought in the antlers and backbone of another deer, which had been killed in the summer. The wolves and birds of prey had picked them clean, but there still remained a quantity of the spinal marrow, which they had not been able to extract. This, although putrid, was esteemed a valuable prize, and the spine being divided into portions was distributed equally. After eating the marrow (says Franklin), which was so arid as to excoriate the lips, we rendered the bones friable by burning, and ate them also."

"The strength of the whole party now began to fail, from the privation and fatigue which they endured. Franklin was in a dreadfully debilitated state. Mr. Hood was also reduced to a perfect shadow, from the severe bowel-complaints which the tripe de roche never failed to give him. Back was so feeble as to require the support of a stick in walking, and Dr. Richardson had lameness superadded to weakness."

"A rude canoe was constructed of willows, covered with canvas, in which the party, one by one, managed to reach in safety the southern bank of the river on the 4th of October, and went supperless to bed. On the following morning, previous to setting out, the whole party ate the remains of their old shoes, and whatever scraps of leather they had, to strengthen their stomachs for the fatigue of the day's journey."

"Mr. Hood now broke down, as did two or three more of the party, and Dr. Richardson kindly volunteered to remain with them, while the rest pushed on to Fort Enterprise for succour. Not being able to find any tripe de roche, they drank an infusion of the Labrador tea-plant (Ledrum palustre, var. decumbens), and ate a few morsels of burnt leather for supper. This continued to be a frequent occurrence."

"Others of the party continued to drop down with fatigue and weakness, until they were reduced to five persons, besides Franklin. When they had no food or nourishment of any kind, they crept under their blankets, to drown, if possible, the gnawing pangs of hunger and fatigue by sleep. At length they reached Fort Enterprise, and to their disappointment and grief found it a perfectly desolate habitation. There was no deposit of provision, no trace of the Indians, no letter from Mr. Ventel, to point out where the Indians might be found."

"It would be impossible (says Franklin) to describe our sensations after entering this miserable abode, and discovering how we had been neglected: the whole party shed tears, not so much for our own fate as for that of our friends in the rear, whose lives depended entirely on our sending immediate relief from this place."

One of the most animating and invigorating results of such a book as this, is the courage and carelessness of past perils which these sufferers exhibit. No sooner are they comfortably home again than all they have endured belongs to the region of romance; they delight to tell of it, to think of it, but they no longer suffer from it, no longer dread it. Directly the opportunity offers they set forth again with the alacrity of young hunters, to face once more the icy Perils, and to glory in the strong excitement of Danger. So transitory is Evil in this life, so permanent is Good! Pain itself becomes a Pleasure, in memory; and the horrible struggles of man with Starvation, though they

weaken his frame and depress his spirits, cannot daunt him, but he faces them again and again, out of mere adventurous daring and high sense of duty. The philosophy such books inculcate is needed by our sedentary, dyspeptic, routinarian condition.

## POEMS BY A WORKING MAN.

*Voices of Freedom and Lyrics of Love.* By T. Gerald Massey, Working Man. J. Watson.

THERE have been too many poetical working men for any new comer to secure attention on the simple ground of his being a working man. Unless he can show *intrinsic* claims, his chance is but little better than that of the "gentlemen who write with ease." It seems to us that Gerald Massey possesses enough of the true poetic fire to warrant criticism, quite apart from his position; and some weeks since we laid aside his little volume with the intention of saying a few deliberate words about it, but were fortunately prevented by the pressure of other work: we say *fortunately*, because in the meanwhile there has appeared an article in *Eliza Cook's Journal* which gives such biographical details as will render Gerald Massey's volume trebly interesting; and we propose to usher in our own criticism with extracts from this article: they tell a story in itself a poem:—

"Gerald Massey was born in May, 1828, and is, therefore, barely twenty-three years of age. He first saw the light in a little stone hut near Tring, in Herts, one of those miserable abodes in which so many of our happy peasantry—their country's pride!—are condemned to live and die. Nineteen a week was the rent of this hovel, the roof of which was so low that a man could not stand upright in it. Massey's father was, and still is, a canal boatman, earning the wage of ten shillings a week. Like most other peasants in this 'highly-favoured Christian country,' he has had no opportunities of education, and never could write his own name. But Gerald Massey was blessed in his mother, from whom he derived a finely organized brain and a susceptible temperament. Though quite illiterate like her husband, she had a firm free spirit—it is broken now!—a tender yet courageous heart, and a pride of honest poverty which she never ceased to cherish. But she needed all her strength and courage to bear up under the privations of her lot. Sometimes the husband fell out of work; and there was no bread in the cupboard except what was purchased by the labour of the elder children, some of whom were early sent to work in the neighbouring silk-mill. One week, when bread was much dearer than now, and the father out of work, all the income of the household was 5s. 9d.; but with this the thrifty mother managed to provide for the family—and there were not fewer than six children to feed—without incurring a penny of debt. Disease, too, often fell upon the family, cooped up in that unwholesome hovel; indeed, the wonder is, not that our peasantry should be diseased, and grow old and haggard before their time, but that they should exist at all in such lazar-houses and cesspools."

"None of the children of this poor family were educated, in the common acceptance of the term. Several of them were sent for a short time to a penny school, where the teacher and the taught were about on a par; but so soon as they were of age to work, the children were sent to the silk-mill. The poor cannot afford to keep their children at school, if they are of an age to work and earn money. They must help to eke out the parents' slender gains, even though it be by only a few pence weekly. So, at eight years of age, Gerald Massey went into the silk-manufactory, rising at five o'clock in the morning, and toiling there till half-past six in the evening; up in the grey dawn, or in the winter before the daylight, and trudging to the factory through the wind or in the snow; seeing the sun only through the factory windows; breathing an atmosphere laden with rank oily vapour, his ears deafened by the roar of incessant wheels,

"Still, all day the iron wheels go onward,  
Grinding life down from its mark;  
And the children's souls which God is calling sunward  
Spin on blindly in the dark."

"What a life for a child! What a substitute for tender prattle, for childish glee, for youthful playtime! Then home shivering under the cold, starless sky, on Saturday nights, with 9d., 1s., or 1s. 3d., for the whole week's work; for such were the respective amounts of the wages earned by the child labour of Gerald Massey."

"But the mill was burned down, and the children held jubilee over it. The boy stood for twelve hours in the wind, and sleet, and mud, rejoicing in the conflagration which thus liberated him. Who can wonder at this? Then he went to straw-plaiting—as toilsome, and perhaps more unwholesome than factory-work. Without exercise, in a marshy district, the plaiters were constantly having racking attacks of ague. The boy had the disease for three years, ending with tertian ague. Sometimes four of the family and the mother lay ill of the disease at one time, all crying with thirst, with no one to give them drink, and each too weak to help the other. How little do we know of the sufferings endured by the poor and struggling classes of our population, especially in our rural districts! No press echoes their wants or records their sufferings; and they live almost as unknown to us as if they were the inhabitants of some undiscovered country."

This is a strange collegiate for the young poet; but though it brought with it no classic culture, it brought that which the poet makes the substitute of all culture—suffering:—

"Having had to earn my own dear bread," he says, "by the eternal chafing of flesh and blood thus early, I never knew what childhood meant. I had no childhood. Ever since I can remember I have had the aching fear of want throbbing in heart and brow. The currents of my life were early poisoned, and few, methinks, would pass unscathed through the scenes and circumstances in which I have lived; none, if they were as curious and precocious as I was. The child comes into the world like a new coin with the stamp of God upon it, and in like manner as the Jews sweat down sovereigns by hustling them in a bag to get gold dust out of them, so is the poor man's child hustled and sweated down in this bag of society to get wealth out of it; and even as the impress of the Queen is effaced by the Jewish process, so is the image of God worn from heart and brow, and day-by-day the child recedes devilward. I look back now with wonder, not that a few escape, but that any escape at all, to win a nobler growth for their humanity. So blighting are the influences which surround thousands in early life, to which I can bear such bitter testimony."

It is not from sweet flowers alone that the Bee gathers honey—nay, it is less from the delicate delights of the garden than from the wild Gorse on the desolate moors that it extracts its precious store; and Poets are as Bees. Gerald Massey had no "advantages;" not even the range of a library. But he could read: and the Bible and the Pilgrim's Progress were rich pasture lands wherein the child wandered as in Paradise. To them were added a few Wesleyan tracts, and the romance of romances, *Robinson Crusoe*. These he fed on till fifteen, when he came to London:—

"Till then," he says, "I had often wondered why I lived at all—whether

It was not better not to be,  
I was so full of misery.

Now I began to think that the crown of all desire, and the sum of all existence, was to read and get knowledge. Read! read! read! I used to read at all possible times, and in all possible places; up in bed till two or three in the morning—nothing daunted by once setting the bed on fire. Greatly indebted was I also to the bookstalls, where I have read a great deal, often folding a leaf in a book and returning the next day to continue the subject; but sometimes the book was gone, and then great was my grief! When out of a situation I have often gone without a meal to purchase a book. Until I fell in love, and began to rhyme as a matter of consequence, I never had the least predilection for poetry. In fact, I always eschewed it; if I ever met with any I instantly skipped it over, and passed on as one does with the description of scenery, &c., in a novel. I always loved the birds and flowers, the woods and the stars; I felt delight in being alone in a summer wood, with song like a spirit in the trees, and the golden sun bursts glinting through the verdurous roof, and was conscious of a mysterious creeping of the blood and tingling of the nerves, when standing alone in the starry midnight, as in God's own presence-chamber. But until I began to rhyme I cared nothing for written poetry; the first verses I ever made were upon 'Hope,' when I was utterly hopeless; and after I had begun I never ceased for about four years, at the end of which time I rushed into print."

"As an errand boy," he says, "I had of course many hardships to undergo, and to bear with much tyranny; and that led me into reasoning upon men and things, the causes of misery, the anomalies of our society state, politics, &c.; and the circle of my being rapidly out-eraged! New power came to me with all that I saw, and thought, and read. I studied political works, such as Paine, Volney, Howitt, Louis Blanc, &c., which gave me another element to mould into my verse, though I am convinced that a poet must sacrifice much if he write party political poetry. His politics must be above the pinnacle of party zeal; the politics of eternal truth, right, and justice. He must not waste a life on what to-morrow may prove to have been merely the question of a day. The French Revolution of 1848 had the greatest effect on me of any circumstance connected with my own life. It was seared and bloodbrought into the very core of my being."

Whoever has read this account of the author, will read the *Voices of Freedom* with interest, and will understand its defects, which are peculiarly the defects to be anticipated from such an education.

Quitting, however, the biographical point of view for the critical, we would assure the young poet, that, although his history *explains* the fierceness and rant of the political poems, he is doing hurt to himself and to the cause he espouses by allowing indignation to overwhelm truth. Vehemence is not Force. The rant about tyrants and slaves, and about those martyrs who fell only on one side of the barricades, should be left to those "orators" who, not having ideas, are forced to thunder in grand phrases. There is wrong enough done upon this earth to feed the indignation of any poet, moralist, or orator; but to pass *beside* the crying evil, and waste your breath in shouting that we on this side are the pure, patriotic, virtuous, suffering Many (all our geese being swans), while they on the other side are the bloated, pampered Tyrants whose swans are geese, is to damage our cause, and be unfaithful to our own purpose. Gerald Massey has something too much of this fever of the so-called "political poets;" and accord-

ingly we think the "Voices of Freedom" far inferior to the "Lyrics of Love."

There is a vein of genuine poetry in the *Lyrics*. Let him devote a few more years of earnest labour to his art, and he will produce remarkable poems. We say this deliberately, and our readers know how high the standard of excellence by which we distinguished poems from verses. But before he can achieve this excellence he must prune the young luxuriance of his style, and study severely the art of versification, in which he is now most faulty. In this respect, his poems are the work of an "uneducated man"—a man uneducated even in his own art. It may perhaps seem frivolous to insist upon the necessity of laborious study to attain the trifling excellence of versification; but Art is Form, and Music is essential to Poetry. Call it "trifling" if you will—yet are not the specks and flaws ruinous to Porcelain, which no one heeds in Earthenware? The cup you drink from, the dagger-hilt you handle, are not more "useful," though they be chased by Benvenuto Cellini—but was Cellini's labour useless?

Gerald Massey has marred the majority of his poems by excessive carelessness of versification. We will quote but one example, because it unites this fault to his other fault of over-magnificence of language:—

"I LOVE MY LOVE, AND MY LOVE LOVES ME."  
 "The life of life's when for another we're living,  
 Whose spirit responds to ours like a sweet psalter,  
 When heart-smiles are burning, and flame-words  
 out-giving,  
 The fire we have lit on her heart's holy altar!  
 O, Love, God's religion! Love, burning and starried,  
 The soul must be beautiful where thou art palaced,  
 I mark where thy kiss-seal is set on the forehead,  
 I know where thy dew of heaven's richest chalice,  
 For bright breaks that brow through the world's slow  
 stain;  
 And strong is that soul in the battle of duty,  
 Smiling May sunshine thro' life's winter-rain,  
 All outward things clothing with inward heart-  
 beauty!  
 'Tis writ in the face, whose heart singeth for glee—  
 'I love my Love, and my Love loves me.'"

Some of these lines it is impossible for us to read metrically—the substitution of the heavy spondee—"slow stain," for such trochees as "beauty"—"duty," &c., renders the ninth line even more unmetrical than the others.

But in spite of faults there are passages of great beauty in this volume. Read this:—

"BALLAD.  
 "With her white hands claspt, she sleepeth, heart is  
 hushed, and lips are cold,  
 Death shrouds up her heaven of beauty, and a weary  
 way I go,  
 Like the sheep without a shepherd on the wintry,  
 norland wold,  
 With the face of Day shut out by blinding snow.  
 O'er its widowed nest my heart sits mourning, for its  
 mate that's fled  
 From this world of wail and weeping, fled to join  
 her starry peers,  
 And my light of life's o'ershadowed, where the dear  
 one lieth dead,  
 And I'm crying in the dark with many fears."

Is not the imagery grand and mournful? And how fine that closing verse would be if the music answered to it!

"And I'm crying in the dark with many fears."

Here again is a fragment of genuine song, though it bespeak a youthful singer:—

"ICHABOD.  
 "Seven summers' suns have set! and earth is once more  
 sweetly flooded  
 With fragrance, for the virgin-leaves and violet-banks  
 have budded;  
 Heaven claspeth earth, as round the heart, first  
 broodeth Love's sweet glow;  
 A blush of flowers is mantling where the silken  
 grasses grow:  
 All things feel summering sunward, golden tides flood  
 down the air,  
 Which burns, as angel-visitants had left a glory there!  
 But darkness on my aching spirit shrouds the merry  
 shine,  
 I long to feel a gush of Spring in this poor heart of  
 mine."

But we have some difficulty in making proper quotations, as the best of these poems, to our taste, have all appeared in our own columns; here, however, is a stranger to us:—

"TO A WORKER AND SUFFERER FOR HUMANITY.

"God bless you brave one, in our death  
 Your life hath left a trailing glory,  
 And round the poor man's homely hearth,  
 We proudly tell your suffering's story.

"All Saviour-souls have sacrificed,  
 With nought but noble faith for guerdon,  
 And ere the world hath crown'd the Christ,  
 The man to death hath borne the burden.

"They laid in waters, deep and dark,  
 Their corner-stones, who've built in beauty—  
 On earth's old heart, their Triumph arc!  
 To crown with glory, lives of duty.

"In fiercest forge of martyrdom,  
 The sword of soul must weld and brighten,  
 Tear-bathed from fiercest furnace come—  
 The lives, heroic-temper'd—Titan!

"Our heart-strings lordliest music make,  
 When swept by Suffering's fiery fingers,  
 And thro' soul-shadows, starriest, break  
 Thought-harmonies, on God's true singers.

"Take heart! tho' sown in tears and blood,  
 No seed of all Love's heaven hath periaht,  
 Tho' dropt in desolate byways, God  
 Some glorious flower hath rear'd and cherisht.

"Take heart! the rude dust, dark to-day,  
 Sears a new-lighted sphere to-morrow,  
 And wings of splendour burst the clay,  
 That clasps us in Death's fruitful furrow."

Our parting advice to him is this: study versification in the works of Milton, Coleridge, Shelley, &c.—cultivate simplicity of diction—write incessantly, but publish nothing for some time. The reason of the last counsel is that by incessant practice men learn to master language, but by premature publication they learn to look upon themselves as masters before their apprenticeship is served. We believe that Gerald Massey has the true organization of a poet; but poets are made as well as born.

#### HISTORY OF HOMŒOPATHY.

The British Journal of Homœopathy.

S. Highley.

(Second Notice.)

THERE are so many projects before the public in these busy days, some good, some bad, and some perfectly indifferent, but quite as pretentious as the others, that a slow and honest Englishman is bound in honour to demand of every single scheme or its schemer, that some feasible cause be shown why its claims should and must be sifted, before he will even entertain it for a moment. For our own part, being both somewhat slow of conviction, and also indifferently honest, we approached the noiseless, but deep-rooting and fast-growing phenomenon of homœopathy in a former number, with circumspection, self-possession, and even wariness. We did not wish to defile our fingers with the thing at all, unless we should find it possessed of a respectable introduction to our notice. But certainly the number and varied qualities of its lay-adherents, the literary and scientific respectability of its medical illustrators, together with the character and career of its learned, conscientious, and immensely industrious architect, have removed all our proverbially national reluctance to extend the rule of fair play to a new thing, and a foreign thing, and especially a transcendental-looking thing. Having thus satisfied ourselves that the new practice of physic is at least a scientific, literary, and popular phenomenon of our age, full of interest to the student of human nature, if not to the student of medicine, it is not easy to avoid the suspicion that it is actually possible that homœopathy owes its unquestionable vitality to some soul of truth that is in it. It is a momentous inquiry; momentous for the readers of the *Leader*, which welcomes every new thought, so it be self-consistent and positive; momentous for the public, whose good is the final cause of the art of healing diseases; and momentous to every single heir of the thousand ills of flesh. These columns, however, are not the place for the discussion and settlement of so great and so technical a question. It must be finally adjudicated upon by the medical profession; and it will be so in the course of time, perhaps sooner than royal colleges are aware. In fact, it is being gradually decided on already. In the mean time we have investigated the matter as neither unscientific nor uninterested spectators, in order that we might not continue wholly ignorant of what is going on around us; and the result of our little researches is as follows:—

It seems that Hippocrates never inculcated any theoretical principle of healing in so many words, notwithstanding his being the founder of the dogmatic or rational school of doctors among the Greeks. He was more occupied with the description of diseases than with the scientific cure of them. It is abundantly evident, however, that he chose his medicines on account of their supposed antagonism to the disease, as conceived of under his pathology, which was as crude a doctrine as ever managed to obtain currency. A disease imagined to consist in an excess of dry was cured by sufficient doses of moist; too much hot was subdued by added cold; and so forth; different medicines and means being considered the proper ve-

hicles of hot and cold, moist and dry, salt and sweet. The intellectual character of this great father, in fact, was that of a naturalist rather than an investigator of effects and causes; and he dealt with patients and their maladies rather like a nurse than a grounded and principled physician.

The empirics opposed the Hippocratic theorists about humours and spirits: and asserted that experience without principles, and without seeking principles, is the only guide to the treatment of each individual case. Their practice must, therefore, have been sometimes according to one principle and sometimes according to another, no principle whatever being either intended or thought of. These fellows were very likely successful now and then; but they must often have fired in the dark; and it was a horrid attitude of mind to stand in. The Methodists were content to classify diseases. The Episynthetics tried to combine rationalism, empiricism, and methodism into one sound and comprehensive system. The Eclectics bethought themselves of distilling the good things out of Episyntetism, so as to catch the subtle essence of all the schools! The Pneumatics or Spiritualists actually attributed all the diseases of the body to the governing spirit, and endeavoured to deal with it accordingly.

The Arabians having done nothing either good or bad for medicine, except in the way of polypharmacy, as being the legitimate ancestors of our sapient corporation of apothecaries, the pneumatic theories of the later Greeks were revived and modified by Van Helmont and Stahl. John Brown, of Edinburgh, restored the ancient methodism, classifying diseases under two heads, and dividing all medicines into two kinds, stimulants and sedatives. But the predominant school of modern times, that of Boërhaave and Hufeland, Sydenham and Cullen, Baillie and Andral, Gregory and Clarke, seems to be a somewhat mingled and disorderly hive. They have tonics, diluents, antispasmodics, as if they were Hippocratists; they have mercury for syphilis, and Jesuit's bark for ague, as if they were Empirics; they have a procrustean nosology, by which they classify and even treat diseases as if they were Methodists or Brunonians; in short, they prudently take whatever they can get, like genuine Episyntetists, as they are: while a more refining spirit, here and there, proceeds to the elegant inanity of eclecticism. Be it repeated that the predominant school of physicians in Great Britain, what with their tonics and other class-medicines, their specifics, their chemicals, and their depletions, are the true and unmistakable perpetrators of the episyntetic method. This is, perhaps, the wisest way of all; it certainly looks very knowing and comprehensive at first sight, but it does not even pretend to a distinct scientific principle of cure. Indeed, it is to be noticed that none of all the schools so much as aims at a principle of cure. They have theories of disease, conjectures concerning the secret actions of medicine, and much experience of cure; but no principle of cure, properly so called. They do not even profess to have sought out and discovered a law of cure. Hahnemann does.

We find that Hahnemann rejected the idea of founding the treatment of diseases upon the (hitherto always temporary) theory of their intimate nature, despised the practice of a dull empiricism, repudiated the classification of maladies as a guide to the management of individual cases, and denounced with tremendous energy the prevalent adoption of either a stupid mixture of all-forgoing systems, or a dainty do-nothing eclectic procedure. In short, he protested against anything that had been done in the art he loved, with the sole exception of one thing, and that had never succeeded in raising itself to the dignity of a great and effective doctrine—at least until he seized it in his embrace, and impregnated it with newness of life.

Almost from time immemorial, there had existed a little organic seed of theory in Latin or Christian medicine expressed and handed down in the well-known alliterative conceit, *Similia similibus sanantur*; a maxim meaning, that similar diseases cure one another. Generally speaking, when one disease comes in upon another in a poor creature, the first is suspended until the second has run its course, and then the original one resumes and finishes its career; but careful observers had noticed that if the supervening be similar to the current disease, the latter is not only suspended but cured. The popular manner of treating a slight burn by holding it to the fire, and Kentish's universally-accredited treatment of the severest burns with hot turpentine, are familiar illustrations of the



wise old saw. Many great physicians have from time to time recognised the value of the principle, so that it has long held a place in medical literature as the recognised antithesis to the dogmatic notion of cure conveyed in another antique alliteration, *Contraria contrariis curantur*; signifying in theoretical shorthand, that opposite diseases cure one another. The stopping of a purge by means of a little laudanum, and the opening of the bowels with castor oil, are *Contraria contrariis*. The extent of the applicability of this principle, be it ever so good, is limited in the extreme, for the opposites of almost no diseases are known or knowable; what is the opposite of a headache, a tic, the gout, or an intermittent fever? It has, therefore, proved a plaything rather than a working truth; and no practical structure has ever been founded upon it. It is logically useless. It is only by a play upon words, indeed, that it can ever be said to be the general expression of a number of facts. If a spasmodic disease be cured by any medicine whatever, that medicine is certainly an antispasmodic; and it may be written down so in the books. But the homœopathist, as we shall find, says, True; yet that very medicine is effective, not because it produces the opposite of a spasmodic disease in the system, but because it excites a similar spasmodic disease there. At the same time, the medicine is an antispasmodic, since it cures a spasmodic disease; there is no disputing that sapient *sequitur*: and the *ipso facto* antispasmodic Contrarium had better retort with Dogberry, "Write me down an ass!"

Be these things as they may, Hahnemann at last conceived the idea that the principle of similar diseases curing one another, often adduced before his day, but never founded on, might be nothing less than the open secret of the healing art; and that when he was five-and-thirty years of age, after having abandoned the public practice of physic as really a bad business, although his reputation was rising with unusual rapidity. Ransacking the history of medicine with the keen eye of a trained reader, he perceived that many recorded cures could be referred to that principle. Surveying the then practice of the profession, he noticed that several medicines, such as Jesuits' bark for one of the types of ague, could not be classified under any of the many orthodox heads. Being in good health, he took the bark himself day after day, until it produced the opening symptoms of the aguish type, which former experience had shown it to be good for. In short he hypothetically generalized the principle of one fire burning out another's pain all over medicine; and surmised that he was on the threshold of a vast and glorious discovery.

Before this hypothetical outline could be filled up so as to convert it from a castle in the air into a college of health, it is clear that a new world of work had to be undertaken. It was necessary to discover from recorded accidents, from well-described poisonings, but especially by means of an immense series of unheard-of experiments on healthy men and women, what diseases, that is to say, what symptoms each medicinal agent is productive of in the system of man. Be Hahnemann right or be he wrong, it was here that his magnanimity and industry were displayed as conspicuously as those of Copernicus or Newton, or whatever great names there are in the ever-laborious history of science. For the space of some twenty years he was engaged in the most painstaking experiments upon himself, his immediate friends, and certain absolutely devoted disciples. We do not think it possible to overrate the quality and amount of labour this man went through for this purpose; and all ingenious men allow that, apart from homœopathy, it was a new and great service done to medicine in general; while a committee of homœopathists, appointed to revise some of his experiments, find them to be amazing for accuracy and arrangement. His multitudinous but orderly observations are contained in the memorable *Materia Medica Pura*; but many had been published in earlier works. The reader will easily see that a completed *Materia Medica*, a book in which should be set down all the symptoms called forth in man by all the medicinal agents of nature, would constitute a perfect preliminary to the treatment of all human disease, according to the Hahnemannian notion of things. In such a case, the physician would note down and gather into a totality the symptoms under which his patient might be labouring; he would then open his book, and discover which medicine produces a symptomatic totality the most similar to what he has to cure; and he would then administer it according to rule. Such is what the homœopa-

thist virtually does: only his book is yet far from completed, perhaps, and he is not necessarily a master in his art, so that both homœopathy and homœopathists may often fail. But the former is progressive, like the Copernican astronomy and the Lavoisierian chemistry, inasmuch that the followers of Hahnemann are making ever new experiments with medical substances upon the healthy body; scrutinizing certain of their leaders' more hypothetical views with the utmost rigour, and investigating all the collateral relations of their theory of cure; while the latter, the homœopathist, namely, is only a learner as well as his neighbours.

Such is a brief glance into the nature of homœopathy. Cinchona produces a kind of intermittent, and it cures it; nitric acid produces salivation, and it is a remedy for salivation produced by quicksilver; sulphur can produce mucous piles, and it can cure them; coffee produces wakefulness, and it cures it; and so forth, through thousands of morbid symptoms and symptomatic combinations. This is not the place either to plead for so elaborate a scheme, or to assail it; but such is the idea of the thing, expounded in a popular way, as one of the most remarkable intellectual curiosities (if nothing more) of the prolific century in which we live. It is to be suspected that argument will do little either for or against it. From experiment it came, to experience it must go, and by the verdict of experience will it eventually stand or fall. It can be fairly tried only at the bedside; and it appears to be the imminent duty of the profession to accord it such a trial, an honest, a fearless, and especially a cautious trial. But the scientific critic will be cautious in two directions, and not only in one, as is too common among the orthodox. He will be equally on his guard against missing the truth and admitting error. It may turn out to be an all-important matter for him. Suppose him to be converted to homœopathy, and it happen to be a delusion after all; or what if he reject it, and homœopathy prove the rapid and triumphant truth in medicine, so as to leave him deserted alike of nature and the public in middle life or old age!

This doctrine has met with not a little persecution, much abuse, and more contempt in all sorts of high medical quarters; but it cannot be said to have been rejected by the profession at large. Every year is adding to the number of its regularly educated converts; and, seeing they risk their good names and fortunes upon the choice, these may be considered as *bonâ fide* votes in its favour. It is also observable that the number of mediciners, whom homœopathy, together with other recent influences, has brought to a stand, and converted into universal sceptics in their art, is not inconsiderable. As for the great body of the profession in Britain, we, as non-professional witnesses of the rising controversy, are not at all satisfied that one in a hundred has ever read a legitimate homœopathic treatise, or, indeed, knows anything about the matter. Deducting, then, all these ignorants as so many nothings, and all the universal sceptics as so many half-nothings, it remains to be proved that the real opponents of the new practice are more numerous than its friends even in this country. An experimental mind will probably insinuate, to carry the matter a little further, that the small remainder of real opponents must show that they have tried the case conscientiously at the bedside, before their suffrages can be counted at their full value. So that it is just possible that not one real voice has yet been raised against it.

The fact is, however, that the homœopathic principle would not have had a more than ordinary and properly conservative opposition to encounter, but for its getting entangled, almost at its very outset, with a contingent practice which certainly looks most unreasonable at first sight, and even long after first sight. Hahnemann had not gone far in his newly-discovered way, when he was struck with the smallness of the dose he needed to give, when prescribing according to his therapeutic maxim. He diminished it more and more, by way of experiment; and was actually landed by sheer experience, as well as to his own amazement, on the conclusion that it may be reduced to an infinitesimal proportion. Hence the globules of his followers. But what could he do? It behaved him to follow Nature at all hazards surely. It was even magnanimous to peril the reception of his own discovery, by mixing it up with this strange and adventitious thing; for these small doses do not constitute homœopathy; they are merely incidental to it; and the right-minded critic will not forget the fact. Yet we cannot help perceiving that the universal use of infinitesimal quantities, on the

part of practical homœopathy, must stagger and repel the majority of inquiring minds at the very threshold of our subject; and shall, therefore, do our best to procure some information on the point, since it is not unlikely that those who employ such doses may have something to say for themselves and their practice. There is an article expressly on the theory of small doses in one of the volumes of the *British Journal* now before us.

We shall return to this subject in a third article.

#### BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

*The First German Reading Book; containing Das Tauschen, of the Dore. With Introductory Grammar, and a Vocabulary containing every word occurring in the Text.* By Falek Lebahn. Charles Law.

One of Herr Falek Lebahn's admirable books of beginners, which indeed may be used without a master, as the instructions are copious and plain; and a Vocabulary is added, which will enable the student to accomplish that desired and desirable object—the reading of a tale in the language he is just beginning. Only those who have had experience in teaching, can appreciate the stimulus given to the learner's *amour propre* by allowing the difficulties of the language to come late in the course of study, and by enabling the learner to read for himself, be it never so little. Schmid's story of *Das Tauschen* is the vehicle selected by Herr Falek Lebahn.

*The Cape and the Kaffirs: Diary of Five Years' Residence in Kaffrland, with a Chapter of Advice to Emigrants.* By Harriet Ward. Third Edition, with Frontispiece and Map of the Seat of War. (Bohn's Cheap Series.) H. G. Bohn.

Before the recent events had given an unusual interest apropos to this pleasant diary, the public had already exhausted two editions. It has been altered to "suit the crisis," and will be very acceptable in its present cheap and portable form.

*Whitefriars; or, The Days of Charles II.* An Historical Romance. In 2 vols. (Railway Library.) Vol. I. G. Routledge and Co.

The first volume of a reprint of the dashing romance by which the author made his reputation. Another volume will complete the work.

*The Convent. A Narrative founded on Fact.* By R. M'Crindell, Author of "The English Governess." Third Edition. Aylott and Jones.

This is a Protestant story, which owes its success more to the English animus against all things Catholic than to any intrinsic merits of its own. Every sect abounds with works as honest in intention and as dishonest in execution; so that we need not dwell upon this "Narrative founded on fact." Everybody abuses everybody. Everybody misrepresents everybody; and what is the using in this universal execration is the belief each one has that he alone is perfectly pure, truthful, and just. The Duchess of M. has used to say naïvely—"C'est constant, je ne vois que moi qui ait toujours raison!" "How strange it is that I never find anybody always right but myself!"

*Sights of London and How to See Them for 1851.* By William Collier. Vickers.

A cheap and useful guide to Londoners as well as to strangers.

*A Key to the Colonies; or, Advice to the Million on Emigration.* By S. C. Brees, C.E.

A book with a curious application of the text to the Colonies of "Come unto me all ye that labour, or are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Not well written, but candid, and containing really sound advice to intending colonists.

*The Church of England in the Reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary; with Preliminary Notices of the Ecclesiastical History of our Country from the earliest Times. Anti-State Church Pleasures, Objects, and Advantages of Literature.* A Discourse. By the Rev. Robert Aris Willmott. T. Bosworth.

*Letters to a Candid Inquirer, on Animal Magnetism.* By Wm. Gregory, M.D. Taylor, Walton, and Maberley.

*The British Quarterly Review.* No. XXVI. Jackson and Walford.

*The Great Exhibition, its Palace and its Principal Contents; with Notices of the Public Buildings of the Metropolis, Places of Amusement, &c.* By Roberts Stephenson. George Routledge and Co.

*The Poems of Schiller, complete; including all his early Suppressed Pieces.* Attempted in English. By Edgar Alfred Bowring. J. W. Parker.

*St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians: an attempt to convey their Spirit and Significance.* By John Hamilton Thom. J. Chapman.

*Heaven and its Wonders, the World of Spirits (or the Intermediate Region, which is the First Recreant of Man after Death), and Hell: from the Latin of Emanuel Swedenborg. Translated by the Rev. Samuel Noble. With a New Preface by the Translator, including Explanatory Notes and Observations, together with the Original English Preface, by the Rev. Thomas Hartley, A.M.* J. S. Hodson.

*Infants in Heaven; or, the Probable Future State of Deceased Children.* By the Rev. R. Edleston. J. Hodson.

*Official, Descriptive, and Illustrated Catalogue of the Great Exhibition of the Works of Industry of All Nations, 1851.* Part I, Introduction; and Section I, Raw Materials. Classes 1 to 4. Spicer Brothers.

*Dickens' Household Words.* Chapman and Hall.

*Dickens' Household Narrative.* Chapman and Hall.

*Penny Maps.* Part 10. Chapman and Hall.

*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.* No. CCIX. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

*Timethrift; or, All Hours turned to Good Account.* Conducted by Mrs. Warren. Nos. 1 and 2. Longman, Brown, and Co.

*Familiar Things; a Cyclopædia of Entertaining Knowledge.* Being Useful Information Popularly Arranged. Hall, Virtue, and Co.

*Synopsis of the Contents of the Great Exhibition of 1851.* By Robert Hunt. Spicer Brothers.

## Portfolio.

We should do our utmost to encourage the Beautiful, or the Useful encourages itself.—GOSWELL.

### THE FORESTER'S GRAVE.

"My heart is sour, Fred, and I am angry with myself that it is so."

"The state of the heart, they say, is often beyond the dominion of the will, Heinrich," replied his friend.

"Aye, aye," retorted Heinrich, "but a man may relinquish his rational mastery in this affair; he may pamper himself with dreams of coming happiness, while each day warns him of the peril of the proceeding; he may cast a kind of strontium sunshine round his life, and wilfully shut his eyes to the fact that is mere strontium. I have done so; and now that the glare is gone I find myself, as it were, upon the stage of a theatre as the day dawns, inspecting by the grey twilight the pictures which enchanted me last night, and finding them all daub and deformity."

In a room in the Wittergasse, Carburg, sat two students who carried on the foregoing dialogue. It was winter, but the atmosphere of the room was rendered genial by the radiation from a black stove which reared itself in one corner to a height of six or seven feet. Both students were smoking, and upon the pipe of each—a pipe, by the way, the supplying of which in England would lie heavier upon a man than the window tax—was a portrait of the other.

"Only think of my attempting to make poetry, Fred!" pursued Heinrich.

"The thing would seem ridiculous, perhaps, were it not so very common," answered Fred. "But people in your state have a kind of music awoke within them which rejects the common law of utterance. The lover has as good a right to sing as the lark—high feelings demand high expression."

"This music of life would be very delightful," returned Heinrich, "did it not require two to produce it, the will or caprice of either being able to convert it for the other into a most dreary wail. Six months ago I had other melodies to cheer me. I had my work first of all, and, retiring from this with the consciousness that I had done it, I was receptive of many delightful influences. Sun, moon, and stars were sources of pleasure to me. Alone in the forest I did not feel lonely; the tree leaves spoke and sung to me. I felt that a common life penetrated me and nature, and I rejoiced in the relationship. But I have forsaken these pleasures to pursue an ignus fatuus; I have bartered the forest for the ball-room, and the stars for a maiden's eyes; I have abandoned the changeless and the true, and based my happiness upon a mass of tinted vapour which is now melted and gone. I have been a fool, but a certain profit may be derived even from folly—the experience shall be laid to heart, and turned to some account."

The last sentence was uttered by Heinrich with a bitter energy, as if the individual had become dual, and one half was acting the part of an exasperated schoolmaster towards the other. Heinrich No. 1,—he of the sun and the stars and the forest and the work, flourished his merciless thongs over Heinrich No. 2,—him of the poetry, ball-room, and bright eyes.

The lady—for a lady was the origin of it all—who caused Heinrich so much trouble, was not one calculated to subdue a man at a glance. Her beauty was not of that triumphant cast which suddenly fascinates the beholder. When Heinrich first saw her, she appeared to him to be a gentle, timid being—a weak snowdrop, which shook its pale petals in the slightest breeze. He saw her again, and imagined that the timidity had subsided a little. There was, indeed, an honesty and earnestness about Heinrich himself which was calculated to effect this. He soon discovered, however, that behind this physical timidity reposed a courage which nobody would have calculated on, and of which the possessor seemed perfectly unconscious. Heinrich was somewhat of a psychologist, and this discovery interested him. He watched her—her actions were the natural outflow of her spirit, unfractured by the slightest affectation. Heinrich had a notion that he could distinguish mere animal beauty from that which, permeating the countenance from within, fuses the features into thought and music; and he observed at times a depth of radiance in those eyes which led him to speculate on the purity and brightness of the soul from which

that radiance emanated. She was the only girl whom Heinrich in the course of his life had thought that he could have dared to marry. He felt that she was worthy of his love, and he took no pains to check the growth of the seedling planted by this conviction. The utmost, however, he could gather from his intercourse with her was, that she did not hate him. This was the verdict of his calmer and truer hours; but, naturally enough, he permitted the delusion to creep in, that she evinced a partiality towards him. This he dreaded to forfeit. Alexander, with a world to gain, was braver than Alexander with a world to lose. This thought destroyed the spontaneity of Heinrich's action; he was anxious to please, fearful lest he should displease; and, thus fettered, he lost the power and independence which would have most effectually charmed the girl he loved.

The night previous to his conversation with Fred, Heinrich attended the periodical meeting of the Sonntags-gesellschaft. Three or four of the higher families of Carburg, a few of the professors of the university, and a number of the older students, formed the core of this society, each member of which could invite as many guests as he pleased. On Sunday evenings, once a fortnight, the society came together. Plays, charades, and dancing filled up the time until twelve o'clock, at which hour the meeting usually separated.

On the night in question, the lady above described, whom we shall hereafter call Helen, was also present. Heinrich did not pay her his usual attention on this occasion, for a doubt had insinuated itself into his mind as to whether it was agreeable to her. Before supper, however, he summoned resolution to ask her if she would permit him to lead her to table. She replied that she was engaged, and he retired accordingly. There was nothing new in the fact of a lady's being engaged, the circumstance had occurred to him a hundred times before, but he accepted it as an evil omen in his present state of mind. He saw Helen led to table by Herr Crick, a gentleman whom Tennyson might have had in his eye when he penned the "Character." Heinrich was one of the few who had pierced the enamel which surrounded this person, and found an intriguer within; and, though he had strong faith in the capacity of the maiden to distinguish true from false, he nevertheless would have rather seen her in any other company than that of Herr Crick.

Dancing was resumed after supper. At a certain period of the dance a basket full of little knots of ribbon, having various devices, was placed in the middle of the room. The ladies were led in turn to the basket; each chose a knot and presented it to some one of the gentlemen standing round, who took the giver's hand and danced with her round the room. These little knots were often messengers of pleasure and of hope—sometimes the contrary. Helen was led to the basket, she chose a knot, and, approaching the portion of the ring where Heinrich stood, gave it—to Herr Crick who stood at his side.

Up to this moment the image of the maiden had lain like a bright daguerreotype upon his brain. A canker now attacked it, and the bliss of contemplating it was no more. He had sense enough to know that this was a subjective phenomenon, that the maiden had not changed, but had merely revealed to him the peril of the dream in which he had indulged. There was a steadiness and decision about her action which banished the thought that it was the result of levity. "She is right," he thought. "I have been a fool and a coxcomb, and now the penalty is come." A stroke of calamity is often accompanied by psychological results, the reverse of those which might be anticipated. It was so in the present case. Heinrich mingled with his companions, none knew the nature of the change that had suddenly come upon him, and it surprised even himself. He did not quiver; he was as rigid as a rock. His brain became clear and his glance concentrated. He felt a sudden accession of intellectual power, enabling him as it were to crush in an instant problems which, under ordinary circumstances, he might have nibbled at for months. Nor was it the energy of despair which thus took possession of him; he never once contemplated the thought of suicide. He confronted the fact of his position valiantly, and the swelling of his heart seemed only to exalt him into clearer day.

On the evening of the next day Heinrich and his friend Fred sat together in the room of the former, and carried on the dialogue with which we have introduced our narrative.

"I do not blame her," continued Heinrich, "and when I use the term *ignus fatuus* I don't mean to apply it to her. The thing was my own creation solely. I collected her words and looks and tinged them with my own hopes. Like a fellow who sets out with a theory and then hunts for facts to support it, instead of first waiting humbly for the fact and placing it at the foundation. I have had my theory—bright and beautiful enough, but now in ruins. She, however, may banish uneasiness from her mind; I shall see her again, and show her that her hints have been accepted. Beim Himmel, she has no spaniel at her feet! Fred, my dear fellow, I bless the gods that I am a worker; this fact is my solace at present; my work is my medicine; on this fulcrum I know that I can poise myself, and, after a little time, look out once more upon the world unchanged and self-possessed."

A fortnight's struggle set Heinrich again in equilibrium. At the end of a fortnight he stood once more in the Sonntags-gesellschaft, and trod the floor of the ballroom with the assurance of a man who feels that he has subdued a stubborn foe. Helen was there, and so was Herr Crick, and so was Fred. There is a mystic transmission of intelligence between minds, and this without a word indicated to Helen that a change had come over Heinrich. He neither sought her nor avoided her; he spoke to her kindly, almost affectionately; in fact, in this respect he went farther than he should have ventured in his days of thralldom. He did it without second thought, without ulterior object, and, therefore, with dignity and freedom. Herr Crick joined them once while they conversed together; after a little time Heinrich walked away and left Helen and him to continue the conversation.

The maiden was not prepared for this exhibition of character on the part of Heinrich. It was a new quality to her, but one between which and her own moral constitution there was the strongest affinity. A kind of spiritual gravitation operated between both which threatened more and more the orb in which her life had hitherto revolved, and finally changed that orbit. As the earth folds the moon in its everlasting embrace, and bends her from her forward course without an effort, so this strong man laid hold with silent force upon the maiden's feelings and held them by an irresistible attraction.

Heinrich had long speculated upon going to America, and the time drew near when the speculation was to be converted into fact. The summer had dawned, periodical land parties were formed, and excursions made through the forest. Heinrich and Helen often met on such occasions. The maiden grew paler as the time of his leaving drew near. Fred remarked this, but Heinrich did not. About a week before his departure a party was projected to the Glasskopf. It was Whitsuntide, and the sun beamed radiant all day. The party met in Feyer's garden, and walked thence to the rim of the forest. Here, under the primeval beeches, the tablecloths were spread, fowls were dissected, sausages sliced, and maitrank poured out bounteously. After the repast little coteries dived into the forest. Heinrich and Fred strolled off alone, and remained away until the sound of a distant horn at sunset warned them that the party was collecting for home. They turned in the direction of the sound. A long summer's day had just ended, and the sun teemed his last beaker of golden light from the crown of the Frauenberg. The souls of both were interpenetrated with the beauty and repose of the scene around them. In this mood they opened the wicket of a little burial ground which lay athwart their path, and which contained one green grave. At the head of the grave rose a pillar with rough rock fragments clumped around its base; at the foot sprang three tall pines which spread their sombre branches, like hoarse plumes, over the dead. The grave was that of an ancient forester who had taken up his final lodging amid the scenes which most delighted him. As the friends entered, a lady, who appeared to have been reading the epitaph, retreated towards a gate at the opposite side of the enclosure—both knew that it was Helen.

"Fräulein!" exclaimed Fred, impulsively, "you are surely not afraid of us."

The maiden stopped and turned; the friends advanced towards her; to Heinrich she appeared the same trembling snowdrop as when he first beheld her.

"It is a fitting place to say good-bye," said Fred. "You will hardly have an opportunity of seeing each other again—would that I could have witnessed your union, instead of your separation!"



"Fred!" exclaimed Heinrich, "don't talk so; old memories, though subdued, are not killed."  
 "What are the memories?" demanded Fred.  
 "Shall I tell him?" asked Heinrich, turning laughing to Helen.

A low "yes" was the maiden's reply.  
 "Well, Helen," said he, taking her hand, "what he wants me to confess is this:—that I once loved you; that for your sake I have struggled against that love and subdued it, and that I now stand before you with the heart of a brother, and pray God to bless you."

A kind of sympathetic motion stirred the maiden's lips, and she murmured "God bless you!"  
 "Nay, Heinrich! nay, Helen! not so," exclaimed Fred. "This infernal delusion must not blind you. Do not contravene the manifest design of Heaven who made you for each other. Go together the name of God!"

A deathlier paleness overspread the maiden's cheek. The sun had sunk, and the west glowed like the gates of heaven, beside which, half lost amid the amber, one bright star stood sentinel. A million thoughts rushed simultaneously upon the brain of Heinrich, and the long-quieted fervour of his heart now rose welling to his lips. "Fred," he muttered in a condensed whisper, as if unconscious of the maiden's presence, "do you think she would come?"

"Will you go, Helen?" asked Fred. "Come my girl, let me answer for you—you will!"  
 "I will," replied the maiden.

The arms of a man were around her in an instant, and the heart of a man throbbed against her lily cheek. He kissed it till its roses kindled, and amid the fairies danced more joyously that night to the grave of the old forester.

#### "BROAD STONE OF HONOUR."

DEDICATED TO THE SUBSCRIBERS TO THE  
 ELLIOTT MONUMENT.

Oft hath the foot of Elliott pressed  
 His Rivelin's rocky side,  
 As he tuned to her chime the rush of his rhyme,  
 And voiced her beauties wide.  
 Now low he lies, and the lonely stream  
 A sad song mureth ever;  
 But his "Farewell" lay shall pass away  
 From her "heart-breaking" melody never!  
 From his loved haunt press a granite block,  
 Massive, and rugged of crest;  
 And bold and bare, in our broadest square,  
 Like a cromlech let it rest;  
 And on its top, in sculptured life,  
 Let the Corn-Law Rhymers stand,  
 And for ever rebuke, with dark, keen look,  
 The leech-lords of the land!  
 Let him stand on that pile as he stood erewhile  
 On Win-hill's glorious crown,  
 And, Etina-like, on greed and guile  
 His lava-wrath rolled down.  
 There let him stay for ever and aye,—  
 The type of a true, brave man,—  
 With tongue to plead and a heart to bleed  
 For truth in the battle's van!  
 And let no chisel mangle its form,—  
 The stone whereon he stands:  
 Let it tower in pride, with the moss on its side,  
 As it cometh from Nature's hands.  
 And he and the rock, through storm and shock,  
 Shall call—"Never flinch in the fight;  
 Stand firm against wrong,—stern, steadfast, and strong,—  
 Rough and ready and right!"  
 And at eve, when the hum of toil is dumb,  
 And listeners' hearts at peace,  
 Strains sweeter far to their minds shall come  
 Than the statue-voice of Greece,—  
 Of beauty and love, and the daisted sod,  
 And the blue sky overhead;  
 Of the faith of man, and the works of God,  
 And the ever-deathless dead!  
 And men shall say:—"This man was sent  
 A Titan's task to do;  
 Had it been but to sing,—oh, the world would ring  
 With his music fresh and true!"  
 Then let us honour his noble name  
 For the good work he hath done;  
 And let us claim his righteous fame  
 For the laurels he might have won;  
 And turn again to the storm-tried twin,  
 And pray that Mind and Might  
 May dwell on the earth with Truth and Worth,—  
 Rough and ready and right!

DAVID WALKINSHAW.

Sheffield, March 1, 1851.

\* See the exquisite "Farewell to Rivelin":—  
 "Why do I leave thee, heart-breaking river?—  
 Love thee and leave thee?—leave thee for ever!  
 Never to see thee, where the sterns greet thee!  
 Never to hear thee, rushing to meet me!"

## The Arts.

### WATER COLOUR SOCIETY.

The forty-seventh exhibition of the veteran society in Pall-Mall is, as like its recent predecessors, as the sun of one year is like that of the last, or as the primroses—witness the very primroses in Hunt's pictures. This year in particular the sameness is rendered more striking even by the changes which we notice, since those changes are of a negative kind: De Wint is among the departed; F. Lewis and Cattermole contribute nothing; Hunt confines himself to flowers, supplying neither his sketches of character nor interiors, but extending somewhat in the direction of landscape-painting. Proud is there in full force, with scenes like the "St. Pierre at Caen," standing forth in such vigour that each particular brick strikes upon the eye; William Callow, with civic views in his smoother style; Charles Bentley, with his moving and breezy water scenery; V. Bartholomew, with first-rate flowers equal to anything from Foster's shop; Joseph J. Jenkins, with lovely girls of his numerous and well-known family; Topham, with Highland smugglers; Nesfield, with mountain scenery less prismatic than usual, and proportionately stronger in effect; Branwhite, with frost scenery; Evans, of Eton,—more spirited than ever, perhaps because more finished,—amid the breezes and sports of Glen Tilt; David Cox, with English field scenery, as fresh as the wind itself; the younger David Cox, emulating the father, and indeed surpassing him, in a more comprehensive style of treatment—witness the "Views on the river Arun and the river Llugwy."

Throughout this list, which might be extended, we recognize the power attained by the English landscape painters through seizing fast hold of some traits of Nature herself, and faithfully endeavouring to convey those to the paper. The true painter must be a student throughout life, and in the English school the landscape painter is most faithful to that necessity; hence the vitality and excellence of our landscape painters. Hence also the striking fact, that even their veteran years are not closed against improvements. Witness the chastening of David Cox's manner in the treatment of his clouds—no longer such manifest scraps of paper as they used to be. By an infidelity to that rule, Frederick Tayler appears to us more mannered and theatrical, less graceful and forcible, than he has been.

By the strictest fidelity, Hunt continues to make the same primroses, the same scraps of grass, of moss, and earth, we wondered at last year, as fresh and new as the flowers themselves when they reappear every year. With surprising fidelity of eye and certainty of touch, with a thorough mastery of colour, Hunt is able to paint as the photograph and Nature herself do, by making out each particular detail. The landscape, "Winter," in which each twig, dead leaf, or blade of grass appears in its own place, with its own character, is a remarkable instance of the force thus attained; and long experience of the faithful student convinces us, that he will work his way through this style of landscape portraiture to greater unity.

E. Duncan has left the forest for the waters, and his powerful picture of boats preparing for the herring-shery off Lowestoft promises much success; but let him avoid persevering in the impossible attempt to paint the direct light of the sun.

### NEW WATER COLOUR SOCIETY.

The younger Association, as usual, possesses more variety than the older, and more human interest in its designs; while one of its youngest members, Charles Davidson, excels the most vigorous of the veterans in the force and freshness of his green landscape. The principle picture, this year, is Edward Corbould's scene from *Le Prophète*, with portraits of Viardot, Mario, Formés, and in short the tableau from the Italian Opera. The picture was painted by the desire of Prince Albert. It is one of Corbould's most striking pieces of execution; but the portraits are not very faithful. Warren's principal picture is "The Death of the Firstborn of Egypt"—an impressive design of a mother weeping over her child, whose rigid form is shrouded in drapery; Wehnart's is "The Spirit of Religion"; Absolon's, "Clarissa." But we shall return to this exhibition when more space enables us to do it fuller justice. Exhibitions of mark and likelihood have come rather thick upon us this week.

### THE DRAMATIC WEEK.

The opening of the French Theatre is an event. To all lovers of fine acting and lively comedies there is no treat comparable to that afforded during the season by that liberal caterer, Mr. Mitchell. The very announcement gave me a thrill. I was among the buds—as you may remember—luxuriating in pastoral delights, and enjoying that mystic communion with Nature which all gentlemen of a poetical turn feel bound to cultivate. But even there, when the soothing influences of Nature were transforming me into a Corydon, and I began to feel an incipient desire for a crook—(to say nothing of a tight jacket and pink satin unwhisperables!)—even there, where I was turning from the grub of Civilization into the Butterfly of Nature, I felt all the old yearnings for stalls and opera-glass troubling my fluttering heart, till finally, unable to resist the attraction, I packed up, and expressed to Town. The French Plays! how could I stay in the country and miss those? It was not to be thought of! Something of my keen and eager anticipation must have been translated by my expressive face, for a portly Manchester Manufacturer who sat in the carriage asked me if I were "going up for the Great Exhibition?" The Exhibition indeed! I—who don't know a steam-engine from a turning lathe—and who am devoted to the Drama, pen and pencil-case—I rush up for this Monster Polytechnic! I smiled blandly at my questioner, and replied, "No: for the French Plays." He fell silent. All chance of sympathy was at an end. He evidently regarded me as a foreigner of great distinction; and, although I continued affable, I could see my indifference towards his darling Object prevented further expansiveness on his side.

Perhaps, reader, you are like that manufacturer? My ignorance distresses you? *Tant pis!* I cannot alter myself. My studies have not been in the engineering department; they have been, as you know, principally among the Christian Fathers and the Dramatists. My taste may be bizarre; but, after all, since it is my taste...! Give me a good folio—say *Origen contra Celsum*, or any work of the dignified *Chrysostom* as the hot joint for my dinner, and a gay, witty vaudeville or comedy will serve as my *omelette aux fines herbes*. Theological controversy in difficult Greek, and sparkling comedy in piquant French—what more can man desire? This is my taste: and it will, perhaps, explain my writings, for you may perceive that I take my wit from the Christian Fathers, and my theology from the French vaudevilles!

Down in the country I had a good feast of *Origen*. But he is not a lively writer, and I began to find him a little wearisome. *On se lasse de tout!* you cannot eat partridges every day for a month. Just at this period came the news that Mr. Mitchell was to give us the French plays. Imagine how rapidly I packed up, and found myself in London again! Was it the keenness of anticipation which made the performance flatter than usual, or was it the fault of the actors? I will not decide. The two importations from the Palais Royale were never favourites of mine: Hyacinthe has a nose—but, oh! a nose...! Having said that, I have given the programme of his capabilities. Middle. Scriwaneck is a Brummagem Dejazet.

"Non ragioniam di lor,  
 Ma guarda e passa;"

it is Dante who bids us not to waste words on such "individuals," but merely to throw a glance at them and pass on.

Then the comedy, *La Bataille des Dames*, by Scribe and Legouvé, is certainly an ingenious and exhilarating piece of writing, acted to perfection by Regnier and Lafont. But there were drawbacks both in the piece and in the acting. I cannot bring myself to accept as pleasant or comic the situation of an aunt in love with the lover of her niece, which brings forward this duel in love between two women; nor is it agreeable to see a woman still charming (Mademoiselle Judith is not charming, but she is supposed to be so in the comedy), making love to a man some years her junior, who feels bound to her by *gratitude*. This is the leading idea of the piece, and in so far the comedy is not agreeable. I will not say the subject is inadmissible; but it requires peculiar art in the treatment to make it acceptable. This art the authors have not shown. Legouvé is the son of that Legouvé who wrote a poem on the *Merit of Woman*, which had an enormous sale. Consequently, the son of such an author is bound to be dithyrambic in praise of woman—he has a *copy-right* in the subject! But, writing in conjunction with Scribe, the lively sceptic, who has no copy-

right whatever in woman's virtue, on the contrary is rather inclined to spice his dishes with a little feminine coquetry and falsehood, the result has not been happy. Legouvé supplies the Virtue, Scribe the Weakness; but that pinch of cayenne pepper is too strong, and gives a disagreeable flavour, against which I protest.

The real comedy lies elsewhere. It lies with De Grignon, the Janus Bifrons, half hero, half coward, whose mother was a Lioness, whose father a Gazelle, and who swayed alternately by mother and father, is this moment a rash intrepid hero, the next a faltering coward; it lies also with the *ruses* of the Countess to deceive Montrichard, who has come to arrest the conspirator she conceals in her house. These scenes carry off the comedy in triumph, and make one forgive the morbid anatomy of the love passages. Regnier as De Grignon kept me in a roar of laughter: comedy, genuine comedy, without an exaggerated line, without a grimace of farce! represented so perfectly the integrity of De Grignon's complex and paradoxical nature, that laughter was irresistible, and admiration succeeded laughter—which is never the case in farce. Lafont played the difficult part of Henri de Flavigneul—disguised as a footman—with quietness and elegance—he never was the footman. As for Mlle. Judith . . . no, gallantry turns aside my pen; after all Mlle. Judith is a woman, and I have something of Legouvé in me (perhaps copyright interests also! who knows?). Let us have Regnier as often as possible, Mr. Mitchell, and we shall be grateful. Hyacinthe may remove his nose and not be missed.

Besides the French Plays there has been a new and successful débütante at Her Majesty's—Mlle. Alaymo, whose Lucrezia Borgia, I am told, shows dramatic capabilities in a handsome person; but I will be copious in criticism when I have seen her. At the Royal Italian Opera, the *Huguenots* and *Robert le Diable* have been excellently given, though I cannot join in the chorus of praise which salutes Grisi's Alice. My admiration for Giulia Grisi you know; but it does not extend to her Alice. It is too much to expect Norma to be simple and naive; grand and queenly she is; playful and passionate she can be; but gentle, credulous, naive, with the freshness of innocence in voice, accent, and bearing—it is asking too much to ask it of her. Formes was effective, though coarse, as Bertram. His acting has too much of the obvious German diablerie in it; clever it certainly is, and thoughtful, but overdone and often coarsely done. His singing was at times magnificent; at times he emulated a wild bull, forgetting that he was *not* on the prairie. Castellani sang charmingly—considering her singing merely as vocalization—but she wanted passion, expression, and abandon in that passionate scene, "Robert, toi que j'aime." Tamberlik was the finest Robert I have seen.

All expectations of theatrical prosperity during this season are ominously threatened by the opening nights: never was there such a bad Easter! None of the theatres are doing well. The crowds that were to overheat them stolidly remaining away. It is to be hoped this is only the lull before the storm, and that next week the season will really begin. Webster announces Douglas Jerrold's comedy, *Retired from Business*, for this evening: that will draw a bumper if anything will. The Lyceum revives its *Day of Reckoning*; and those who want to see *perfect* acting should see Charles Mathews and Madame Vestris in this piece. Leigh Murray takes his benefit on Monday next; he is too great a favourite not to have a crowded audience. Mr. Ranger—long absent from London—reappears on Tuesday as Sir Peter Teazle at Drury Lane: hitherto he has been principally known as a performer of Frenchmen; he now aspires to high comedy. VIVIAN.

#### GOTTFRIED KINKEL'S LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF THE MODERN DRAMA.

On Monday evening Professor Kinkel delivered the first of a series of twelve lectures on the History of the Modern Drama. To the more intelligent and cultivated portion of the London public, these discourses will afford a no common degree of interest, coming, as they do, from one who, with the lofty imagination and inspired eloquence of the poet, combines the erudition of the accomplished scholar, and the sterling judgment of the logical and conscientious critic.

The subject of the opening lecture was—"Tendency of the Drama on the People: its Moral and National Importance."

Kinkel began by showing, from the testimony of history and observation, that the elements of the drama are discernible wherever there is an approach to organized society. The enjoyment of dramatic representations is no acquired taste, but one which has its origin in an in-

nate tendency of man,—imitativeness. The earliest pastimes of the child, who seeks to reduce to the compass of its own little sphere and powers the occupations and amusements in which it sees manhood engaged, served to illustrate his position; and he then went on to unfold, with great originality, the logical development of the drama, through all the phases of its existence, which have led to its present form. He pointed out the great power and value of the drama as a means of educating the taste of the multitude, and ripening it for an appreciation of the yet more refined pleasures of art; for not only is the stage the focus to which all the arts converge, and where they are all blended, but *there alone* art is imbued with the living and breathing warmth able to interest and impress those classes, who, from morn till night, have to grapple with the most miserable realities of existence, and whose minds and imaginations are too blunted to comprehend the grand and delicate conceptions of the sculptor and painter. The lecturer then turned to the noble and high moral aim of the drama. Not in the punishment of vice and reward of virtue lies the great moral lesson which the drama teaches, but in the philosophical spirit in which it traces men's deeds to their fountain source, and follows them to mark their consequences. The dramatic poet invests vice with sufficient hideousness, that it should inspire us with hatred; but at the same time he gives his hero so much in common with the rest of humanity, that we pity a deformity to which we are all liable, and tremble lest we be exposed to temptation, and likewise fall. Thus are the three great tragic elements, hatred, pity, and terror, awakened in the spectator's breast. When, on the other hand, the poet depicts the noblest possibilities of human greatness, we see how the dignity of virtue may be preserved amidst misfortune and opprobrium, and how a pure conviction of a grand truth does not die with the heroic martyr who lays down his life for it, but is bequeathed by him as a sacred trust to posterity. Such pictures as these cannot fail to animate the multitude to the realization of an elevated moral ideal, and to steel the hearts of the people to renewed and persevering labour in the great cause of freedom and justice. In conclusion Kinkel adverted to the social and political mission of the drama with much warmth. Compelled as it is, he said, for the very sake of variety, which is a condition of its being, eagerly to seize every new idea, opinion, or situation, which may be the bubble of the moment, it cannot lag behind the spirit of the age, and is compelled to march in the ranks of progress. Poetical justice demands that it espouse the cause of the wronged and oppressed, it serves the mass as a medium of giving expression to pent-up and effervescing convictions and passions that dare not find utterance elsewhere, and for these and many other causes it is one of the mightiest social and political levers.

## Progress of the People.

### LETTERS TO CHARTISTS.

#### XI. THE TWO TENTHS OF APRIL.

That 10th of April of which the newspapers love to preserve the memory, presented in 1848 what *they* (the newspapers) call a "Chartist demonstration." It was much more of a *shop-till* demonstration. However, the Chartists were at the bottom of it. The 10th of April just past was another demonstration presenting a gratifying contrast with the former one.

Let political purists say what they will, it is the suffering of the people that makes the demagogue. There is no agitation possible save where injustice prevails. The mob have no fancies. It in no way resembles that lady who could not sleep with a rose leaf doubled up under her pillow. The mob can snore on a stone, and dream under a barricade. The first 10th of April was rude enough. It was preceded by blatant voices. Its threats were ridiculous. Its instruments were chiefly untutored. It commanded only the vulgarst sympathy, it was so full of brag and violence. How, then, came it to succeed at all? for succeed it did, after its kind. It drove the court from town. It poked up the Iron Duke. It precipitated the Whigs into Toryism, making them rush headlong into that political infamy for which they seem to have a constitutional predilection. Do we conclude hence that bullying and vaunting are good, imitable pioneers of changes? No. Equal earnestness and healthy sobriety of speech would have done more good, and have won more credit. It was the voice of suffering, it was the revolt of slaves, it was the uncertain murmur of despair, that made authority quiver. The ball set in motion was an enigmatical one, but it was thought that it might roll and gather as it rolled, till it became an avalanche to crush the unjust. Politically no blunder could be more fatal than that of talking what, if attempted at all, should have been acted. But it succeeded up to a point, because our Government lives on class confidence rather than justice, and this demonstration disturbed confidence, and the Government yielded to violence what it denied to reason—it granted a night for the discussion of the Charter.

It has been shown, in preceding Letters, how great a change for the better was observable in the demonstration concluded on the 10th of April last. The entire tone was new. In addition to facts before recited it may be usefully observed in what additional respects there were signs of detail improvement.

Mr. Harney has given, on many recent occasions, proofs of a practical disposition, which he renewed during this convention. Mr. Ernest Jones has been

accustomed to ride a species of political Pegasus, *entirely without reins*. The remembrance of his speeches in previous Conventions had rendered him utterly hopeless in the eyes of all with whom calculation was a political virtue. A short time ago he created anxiety in the provinces by painting coöperative societies as obstructions to the attainment of political rights, and it was expected that we were to have reinaugurated an agitation which should pompously promise every thing and vigorously do nothing. But, at this Convention, Mr. Jones was found writing with his own hand and defending with his own tongue the proposition, "that a political change is inefficacious unless accompanied by a social change: that a Chartist movement, unless accompanied with social knowledge, would result in utter failure." It was in vain that Mr. Holyoake urged that this was an exaggeration, that it was not true, that Chartism would "utterly" fail without social alliance. It would be better with it, but Chartism would not be impossible without Socialism. But Mr. Jones championed the exaggeration on this side as he had championed it on the other. It is due, however, to him to say, that he was less the man of extremes throughout this Assembly's sittings than he had before shown himself. Personally amiable, full of activity, possessed of various kinds of talent and of unquestionable genius, it was very gratifying to witness the unusual coherence and general moderation (even in the opinion of his opponents) by which his conduct was distinguished during this Convention; and those who measure our progress by that of our leaders may reasonably have hope of us.

Once and only once grand eloquence got upon its stilts, and stalked down our programme. If the reader has gone over the peroration of the programme published, he will remember being put out of breath by the following paragraph, which Bombastes Furioso might himself have written:—

"To stand forth as the Uniter of all these isolated, but in fact homogeneous interests, to weld the millions into one compact mass—to evoke the dormant mind of the country, and thus to launch the gathered power in the right direction, be the duty and endeavour of this delegation of the people."

For a body to announce itself as "THE UNITER," which began by refusing help to any but its own party, was immodest enough; but it is cast into the shade by the profession of "endeavouring" to "weld the millions," "evoke a country's dormant mind," and "launch the gathered power in the right direction" "by a delegation of the people," which scarcely knew of the delegates' existence. If we are to believe all this, what giants we Chartists are! Such language is only to be described by the brief and pertinent phrase of Mr. Thornton Hunt who denominated it "Big talk." The defence Mr. Ernest Jones set up was that "big talk" was necessary to their success, the country did not understand propriety. It is this windy faith which has been hitherto fatal to Chartism. A small globe of sense has been distended into the size of a Nassau balloon. Hitherto this has been the political art of "swelling the movement." We can never attain to the success or reputation until we bring this habit into discredit, and this is our justification for having written about it. A Chartist Convention is not without some of the vices of Parliament. Many things are said and done by it, because it is believed that the public whom the delegates address expect it. If they saw that the people were to be moved in a better way they would take it. We must, therefore, take what care we can to indoctrinate the people with the right kind of expectation, and those who give them a stone now will give them bread then.

Having pointed out the respects in which it seemed desirable that the acts of the Convention should have been different, I shall proceed to its vindication in other respects. The justice of some objections that have here been stated have been partly confirmed by the fact that provincial and metropolitan critics have fastened upon those particular passages here demurred to; and had not these points existed scarcely a strong argument could have been raised on the adverse side. But these which are but incidental defects—to be got rid of certainly—do not invalidate all the promise and hopefulness of the new movement; and Caustic of the *Dispatch* has signally failed to invalidate the good sense or credit of the Convention by his utterly indefensible strictures. 10x.

NATIONAL CHARTER ASSOCIATION.—The Executive Committee of this body held their usual weekly meeting, as above, on Wednesday evening last. John Milne in the chair. A large amount of correspondence from various localities and individuals was read. Messrs. Bolton and Clifton attended as a deputation to solicit the assistance of the Executive, in order to resuscitate the movement in the parish of St. Pancras, and the secretary having been instructed to act with the deputation in getting up a public meeting for that purpose, the deputation withdrew. John Shaw attended from the united Councils of the Tower Hamlets to advise the Executive at the present time not to hold open-air meetings in or around the metropolis to adopt the National Petition, and



Mr. Shaw being informed that the Executive repudiated the idea of holding such meetings in the metropolitan districts, but in the country they were of opinion that outdoor meetings might and ought to be held, Mr. Shaw then retired. It was reported that Ernest Jones had received a letter from Sir George Grey, stating that he (Sir George) declined to receive a deputation relative to Frost, Williams, Jones, and Ellis, but that he would present the memorial to the Queen, on behalf of the said persons, if respectfully worded. Messrs. Arnott and Jones were appointed to take the memorials to the Home-office, and also to see Thomas Duncombe, M.P., with reference to bringing the case of the ex-patriated patriots before the House of Commons; and the secretary was instructed to solicit the attendance of the whole of the delegates to the late Chartist Convention, resident in London, at the above office, on Wednesday evening, May 7, at half-past eight o'clock, to act with the Executive, as a committee to carry out the decision of the said Convention relative to the exiles. Thornton Hunt then read the following, which was unanimously adopted, as the

#### NATIONAL PETITION.

To the Honourable the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland, in Parliament assembled.

#### The humble Petition of

Sheweth, That the people of this country, in great numbers, have called upon your Honourable House to grant them the right of the franchise, on the principle that every taxpayer ought to be an elector.

That a measure for that purpose, entitled "The People's Charter," and embodying the following details—Universal Suffrage, Vote by Ballot, Annual Parliaments, Equal Electoral Districts, No Property Qualification, and Payment of Members—was composed by members of your Honourable House, jointly with certain persons of the class at present denied the right of representation, and was afterwards submitted to your Honourable House, and has from time to time been urged upon your adoption by the petitions of the people.

That the provisions of that measure have severally been acknowledged as sound and just.

That these facts are too well known to your Honourable House to render any lengthened enforcement of them at all necessary.

That, therefore, your petitioners beg of your Honourable House forthwith to enact that the provisions of the People's Charter be the law of the land.

And your petitioners will ever pray, &c.

The committee then adjourned to May 7.

JOHN ARNOTT, General Secretary.



### Open Council.

[IN THIS DEPARTMENT, AS ALL OPINIONS, HOWEVER EXTREME, ARE ALLOWED AN EXPRESSION, THE EDITOR NECESSARILY HOLDS HIMSELF RESPONSIBLE FOR NONE.]

There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profit by reading controversies, his senses awakened, and his judgment sharpened. If, then, it be profitable for him to read, why should it not, at least, be tolerable for his adversary to write.—MILTON.

#### TO THE SOCIAL REFORMERS OF BRITAIN.

April 23, 1851.

FRIENDS,—I am glad to learn that you intend to make a vigorous effort this summer for the propagation of your principles. I believe that those principles only require to be fairly put forth to win the esteem of all honest friends of humanity who have intellect enough to see an abstract principle, and to deduce its probable effects from its nature. But there are many who, for lack of proper education, cannot grasp any abstract idea, nor make such a deduction. Now these, in my opinion, can only be impressed by one means, that is, by showing them the system in actual operation. If you would make a child acquainted with the form and appearance of a crocodile, you only lose your labour by describing it in words; but show him the thing itself, or a good picture of it, and he gets the idea at once. The mass of men are children in this respect. They can be convinced by visible facts when reasoning fails. Our principles are carried out in practice by only one society in Britain—The Redemption Society—and its operations for want of proper support are so small, that the masses do not see them. The results are not sufficient to excite attention. Are you willing that this should continue so? Are you content that "Harmony" should be pointed at as our last attempt at practical

operations; and that our opponents should from that failure draw their strongest argument that Communism is impracticable? I cannot believe it. I believe a man is wrong who says, "All we have to do for our principles is to expound them, and talk in their defence." It is not enough that I profess and explain honesty, kindness, &c.; I must act up to my profession. And in all cases, a life of noble deeds will be found the best exposition of noble sentiments. When you can point to a prosperous and peaceful community, then you will arrest the attention of those to whom your words sounded like idle tales, and compel them to exclaim at the glorious sight—

"How beautiful mankind is! O brave new world! That has such people in't!"

HOMO.

#### THE PRIESTHOOD.

Burton-by-Lincoln, April 29, 1851.

SIR,—The letter of Terræ Filius demands a word from me on behalf of my Order. I regret as much as any man the way in which the *Leader* was disposed of by the vicar of Gainsborough; but I protest against such an act, the result of mistaken zeal and offended prejudice, being made the pretext for an attack upon the ministers of religion, as violent and indiscriminating as the deed complained of. Those who are accustomed calmly to investigate the motives of action can account for the vicar's behaviour on the ground of early training, peculiar susceptibility, and apprehension of danger to the faith which he entertains. They feel no surprise at the act, nor animosity on account of it, but they do feel the injustice of throwing upon a whole class the opprobrium of an action performed by one of their number. Granting that all we ministers of religion, all we "priests," as Terræ Filius contemptuously styles us, did consider the free discussion admitted by the *Leader* hurtful to the religious welfare of the world, should we not have a right to our opinion? And should we not be entitled to a candid appreciation of our motives on the part of those who claim for themselves and their views the mission of enlightening and regenerating mankind? I know that, in fact, many of us are not opposed to free discussion; but that, disliking dogmatism even in favour of our own peculiar views, we see in a full investigation and dispassionate argument the only hope of arriving at the truth. We see, also, that mutual forbearance in matters of opinion, and harmonious concert in matters of practice are the only means by which we can meet the evils which afflict society. Others may not see this, but we cannot consistently blame them for their conscientious convictions, even if those convictions lead them to censure us as imprudent, or to stigmatize us as heretical. Every man must act according to the light that is within him: it were well if each of us looked more to himself and thought less of judging or condemning his brother.

But, in any case, the sweeping anathema of Terræ Filius is as unjust as it is unphilosophical. Is it fair to quote all the misdeeds of the priesthood without a word of the services it has rendered, and is rendering to humanity? Is an order which has produced such men as Fenelon, Vincent de Paul, Xavier and Las Casas, Taylor, More, Herbert and Wilson, Baxter, Wesley, Hall and Hamilton, to be deemed as inimical to mankind, and as worthy of no better fate than that of extinction? By whom was civilization fostered, and learning kept alive through the period called the "dark ages," but by the priesthood? Who set the example of enfranchisement of serfdom, the direct result of the Christian doctrine of the brotherhood of man, but the priesthood? Who have stood between the noble and the vassal, the monarch and the people, the oppressor and the victim, and enforced the decrees of Christian equity, but the priesthood? And who are contending more manfully and generously in our own day for the rights of the poor, and for the establishment of just relations between man and man on the principles of the same Christian equity than Godolphin Osborne, Maurice, Kingsley, Joseph Brown and Statham, members of the priesthood? Let Terræ Filius and those who feel with him that our order is an impediment to human progress, calmly and charitably point out our defects; and if their counsel be sound, we may avail ourselves of it for the purpose of our improvement: but if it be attempted to crush us, as the Templars were crushed in the fourteenth century, by adducing all our crimes, real and imaginary, and by ignoring all our undoubted services, this much at least is certain that we shall not expire without an effort in our defence; nor without appeal to that tribunal which is sure to decide rightly in the long run, the tribunal of public opinion. I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

EDMUND R. LARKEN.

#### PRIZE ESSAYS.

May 1, 1851.

SIR,—Since my last letter was published in the *Leader*, of April 19, several Essays on the subject then proposed have been sent in, which will shortly be submitted to adjudication, and the result communicated to the writers.

Enclosed you will receive another £5 Bank of Eng-

land note, which please retain for a prize to be awarded to the writer of the best Essay on this subject:—"Atonement, being a Reparation of Offences." This doctrine to be explained as one of the six personal, or individual duties, the practice of which is Religion.

The essays are to be addressed as before to C. C., 8, King William-street, Charing-cross; and to be forwarded there not later than the last day of May.

The concluding duty under the head of religion, viz., "Regeneration being a second birth, or innocence regained," will be the subject for competition afterwards, and essays will be in time until the last day of June.

The six social, or relative duties, the performance of which is morality, will be the subject for elucidation during the last six months of this year.

All writers upon theology, and members of every religious sect, are invited to compete for these prizes, and are requested to endeavour to make their essays elucidations of pure religion considered in the abstract, rather than expositions of any particular branch of sectarianism.

In reference to the inquiry of your correspondent, Mr. John Weddell, it is, perhaps, necessary to mention that the only condition on which the prizes are awarded is superior relative merit in the essays submitted to arbitration. The names of the umpires, and other particulars, will be announced in the preface to the prize essays. I remain, dear sir, yours truly,

A CONSTANT READER.

#### THE MONEY QUESTION.

*Its Importance shown and its Priority demanded over those of Emigration, Chartism, Socialism, Financial Reform, Poor-Law Amendment, or Prison Reform. The Battle between Town and Country, or Free Trade and Revolution, is one of Price. Paper Money can only give Remunerative Price.*

Liverpool, March 6, 1851.

SIR,—In my last letter, inserted in your journal of last November, I attempted to show that the want-of-employment question took precedence of all others in this country; that education was impossible where the people are in want of the necessities of life, and whose lives are harassed by the privations resulting from periodical stoppages of employment. I attributed the panics which overwhelm us every four years to gold money. I stated that the Socialists are devoting themselves to the distribution question, whilst the money reformers maintain that the easier question to carry is to increase the fund of wealth which is to furnish the labouring man with wages, the middle-class man with profit, and the landowner with rent; that this fund of wealth lies in the strong and skilful arms of Englishmen being always employed. As an instance, I took a cottage. I reduced it to its original raw material—brick clay, roofing slate, limestone, flagstone, and timber; no one maintains that these are exhausted, or that we are short of brick-makers, bricklayers, slaters, plasterers, or joiners. Then why are not the cottages in which the people live, twice the size they now are? and why are the people in times of panic, which are times of depressed trade, driven even out of these present miserable abodes into cellars and single rooms? and I concluded by stating my determination to show the Emigrationists, the Chartists, the Socialists, the Financial Economists, and the Poor-law and the Prison Reformers, that a proper money (which I conceive to be a paper money), issued by Government, expanding with the increasing population and wealth of the country, is the bridge over which they all must pass before they can attain their several objects.

I will begin with the EMIGRATIONISTS. Is not emigration a self-contradictory policy? Is the emigrant comfortable in his new home? Has he attained the object of his desires? He may have a rough plenty; but are the colonies better off than the mother country, in affording all the requisites that a civilized man demands? Is there not solitude, want of society, want of books, want of everything but ill-baked bread and pork? Let any man look at those solitary country cottages in this thickly-peopled country, and picture to himself the life the inmates lead, and what must existence be in back settlements? And, moreover, must not we who remain at home be taxed for those who emigrate? Or, if they find their own funds, would not those funds have been available at home, provided always trade was flourishing? And I am maintaining that it is only the want of an expansive currency which prevents trade from being always brisk and profitable.

With regard to the CHARTISTS, let me ask them one question. Give the Charter to-morrow, and tell me what is the first question you would carry? Have you any definite policy? How do you propose to set every man in England to work? for, if he is not at work, I defy the Charter to give him a dinner. And am I quite sure that you would not elect middle-class men—men like Feargus O'Connor and Tom Duncombe, who win your hearts by appearing on your platforms always in white buckskin gloves? Again: the readiness with which you Chartists subscribed to a land lottery, hoping by such means to attain—what? Why, a small landed aristocracy, to be elevated and

pricked for by yourselves; for recollect that the man who has an acre of land which he can call his own is an aristocrat to him who has none. Is there anything in your leaders, or in the sentiments published in your papers, to encourage men of the middle classes to give a second vote to a Chartist candidate? From any point of view, I should say, your ignorance of the money question is an argument against you.

To the Socialists I say that Nature never leaps *per saltum*: one thing grows out of another; that the present social system must be worked out, and that new systems must engraft themselves on the old by degrees; that the transition seems naturally to indicate itself by the joint-stock principle and partnerships *en commandite*. And I will here quote Robert Owen himself, who, with Mr. Pace, is of opinion that money reform is the bridge we must pass over, and that under no system of policy will the worship of gold, instead of the reverence for man and labour, work for good. These are his words:—

"No notions of a disordered imagination, to be now met with in any lunatic asylum, can be more mischievously insane than those which deem it necessary that thousands and millions of our fellow-men should be unemployed, in poverty, ignorance, and many actually starving for want of the common necessities of life, solely because there are not sufficient quantities of certain metals, of little intrinsic value, to circulate as artificial money, on an imaginary and false application of them. This is not only one of the most wild and absurd of all insane notions, but it is also one of the most lamentable and criminal in its results that could enter into the imagination to confuse the intellects of man.

"It has produced, and is now producing, more abject wretchedness, and more varied crime, than all the armies of the world. It is now the immediate cause of more ignorance, brutality, poverty, and desolating misery than any other cause united, except the original cause of all evil, which itself has produced this metal-loving mania.

"To limit the creation of real wealth by the amount of these comparatively useless and worthless metals is to sacrifice the progress of society, the sanity of man, and the happiness of the human race, for a consideration that could not enter into a sane mind.

"In the name of common sense, and in justice to all parties, who ought to make money for the nation, and to have the whole benefit to be derived from it, but the nation?

"Who or what can give to a circulating medium such permanent, unchanging stability as the security of the whole wealth of the empire?

"Did not this nation support a most hazardous and expensive run for upwards of twenty years, with a circulating medium, created by a private bankrupt company, and that merely through the declaration of a few men deemed wealthy, that they would receive their paper as money?"

To the FINANCIAL REFORMERS I say, that the pound in which the taxation is levied is much more important than the mere amount of taxation; and that, if every man in England was at work, and every steam-engine in full operation, taxation would not be felt. Taxation is a deduction from the fund of wealth produced every year, and the larger that fund, comparatively less becomes taxation.

To the POOR-LAW AND PRISON REFORMERS I say, that a paper money issued by these two departments, and giving the paupers and criminals employment, which paper might be cancelled when offered in payment for poor rates and county rates, would meet the difficulty, which is one of employment, and employment only.

In the late Ministerial hitch, the country had a vague feeling that no man in either House or of either party was equal to the occasion; and this arises from the fact that the battle between Free Traders and Protectionists—between the workshop and the farm—is one of prices. But who can talk, with any effect or to any purpose, on prices, that leaves out of consideration money, which regulates all price?

I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

JAMES HARVEY.

#### HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK. (From the Registrar-General's Report.)

The deaths registered in the metropolitan districts in the week ending last Saturday were 1075. The mortality, which was of unusual amount throughout March, but in the subsequent three weeks of April showed a disposition to decline, again exhibits a considerable excess above what is usually experienced at this period of the year. Last week was the seventeenth of the year: taking the same week in each of the 10 years 1841-50, it appears that the deaths did not rise in any instance so high as in last week; that in 1849 they rose to 1058, but in most cases scarcely exceeded 900. The average of the 10 corresponding weeks was 904, which, if corrected for assumed increase of population, becomes 986. Above this estimated result there was an increase last week amounting to 89. It is shown by a comparison of deaths at different periods of life that both the youthful and aged portions of the community, but chiefly the former, have latterly contributed more than the usual amount of mortality, while the ranks of the middle-aged supply less than the average number of deaths for this season of the year. Births recently have been unusually numerous, a fact which will be admitted to account in some degree for increased mortality among the young. Last week the births of 771 boys and 732 girls, in all 1503 children were registered. In the six corresponding weeks of 1845-50 the average number of births was 1440.

## Commercial Affairs.

### MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

The English Funds have been dull all the week. On Monday Consols opened at 96½ to 97, touched 97 and declined to the opening price. On Tuesday they fell again to 96½ to 97, but on Wednesday they rallied to 96½ to 97. Thursday was a holiday. The closing prices of Consols yesterday were 96½ to 97.

The fluctuations in Foreign Funds have been:—Consols, 96½ to 97; Bank Stock, 210½ to 211; Exchequer Bills, 50s. to 53s. premium.

The operations in the Foreign Market have been limited, and the market remains steady. Mexican, 35½ to 36; Brazilian, 88½; ditto Small, 89; ditto New Small Bonds, 86½; Chilean Six per Cents., 104; ditto Three per Cents., 65; Spanish Five per Cents., 19½ to 20; ditto Three per Cents., 39½; ditto Passive, 51; Dutch Two-and-a-half per Cents., 59½; ditto Four per Cents., 89½ to 90; French Five per Cents., 90½ to 91; Exchange, 25½; Portuguese Four per Cents., 33 to 34; Grenada, 17½; Russian Four-and-a-half per Cents., 99½ to 100; ditto Small, 100.

### BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK. (Closing Prices.)

	Satur.	Mond.	Tues.	Wedn.	Thurs.	Frid.
Bank Stock	211½	211½	210½	211	—	211
3 per Ct. Red.	96½	96½	96½	96½	—	96½
3 p. Ct. Con. Ans.	96½	96½	96½	96½	—	96½
3 p. Ct. An. 1736.	—	—	—	—	—	96½
3 p. Ct. Con., Ac.	96½	96½	96½	96½	—	96½
3 p. Ct. An.	97½	97½	97½	97½	—	97½
New 5 per Cts.	—	—	—	—	—	—
Long Ans., 1860.	—	7½	7½	7½	—	7 5-16
Ind. St. 10½ p. Ct.	—	96½	96½	96½	—	96½
Ditto Bonds	58 p	58 p	58 p	58 p	—	54 p
Ex. Bills, 1000f.	54 p	53 p	53 p	53 p	—	50 p
Ditto, 500s.	54 p	54 p	54 p	54 p	—	53 p
Ditto, Small	54 p	54 p	54 p	54 p	—	53 p

### FOREIGN FUNDS. (Last Official Quotation during the Week ending Friday Evening.)

Austrian 5 per Cents.	—	Mexican 5 per Ct. Acc.	35½
Belgian Bds., 44 p. Ct.	—	Neapolitan 5 per Cents.	—
Brazilian 5 per Cents.	88½	Peruvian 4½ per Cents.	—
Buenos Ayres 6 p. Cts.	—	Portuguese 5 per Cent.	—
Chilian 3 per Cents.	65	—	—
Danish 5 per Cents.	102	—	—
Dutch 2½ per Cents.	59½	—	—
— 4 per Cents.	89½	—	—
Ecuador Bonds	—	Russian, 1862, 4½ p. Cts.	99½
French 5 p. Ct. Anst. Paris 90.85	—	Span. Actives, 5 p. Cts.	19
— 3 p. Cts., May 2, 56.30	—	— Passive	5
		— Deferred	—

### CORN EXCHANGE.

MARK-LANE, Friday, May 2.—Supplies of Wheat and Oats good; other articles moderate. Wheat trade exceedingly slow, and prices nominally as before. Barley and Oats both fully as dear, the latter fetching rather higher prices.

	English.	Irish.	Foreign.
Wheat	1470	—	22310
Barley	430	—	6130
Oats	950	3180	20980
Flour	2340 sacks	—	8880 bils.

### GRAIN, Mark-lane, May 2.

Wheat, R. New	36s. to 38s.	Maple	30s. to 32s.
Fine	38 - 40	White	25 - 26
Old	36 - 39	Boilers	25 - 26
White	37 - 39	Beans, Ficks	24 - 25
Fine	39 - 40	Old	21 - 23
Superior New	40 - 46	Indian Corn	28 - 30
Rye	24 - 25	Oats, Feed	18 - 19
Barley	21 - 22	Fine	19 - 20
Malt, Ord.	25 - 26	Poland	29 - 31
Malt, Ord.	48 - 50	Fine	21 - 22
Fine	50 - 54	Potato	19 - 20
Peas, Hog.	26 - 28	Fine	20 - 21

### GENERAL AVERAGE PRICE OF GRAIN.

WEEK ENDING APRIL 26.			
Imperial General Weekly Average.			
Wheat	29s. 3d.	Rye	24s. 2d.
Barley	24 4	Beans	26 9
Oats	17 10	Peas	25 5

Aggregate Average of the Six Weeks.			
Wheat	28s. 7d.	Rye	24s. 5d.
Barley	23 11	Beans	26 2
Oats	17 2	Peas	25 3

### FLOUR.

Town-made	per sack	39s. to 42s.
Seconds	—	36 - 39
Essex and Suffolk, on board ship	—	32 - 34
Norfolk and Stockton	—	29 - 31
American	per barrel	19 - 23
Canadian	—	19 - 23
Wheaten Bread, 7d. the 1lb. loaf	Household	5½d.

THE AVERAGE PRICE OF BROWN or MUSCOVADO SUGAR, computed from the returns made in the week ending the 29th day of April, 1851, is 25s. 1½d. per cwt.

BUTCHERS' MEAT.			
NEWGATE AND LEADENHALL.*		SMITHFIELD.*	
s. d.	e. d.	s. d.	e. d.
Beef	2 2 to 3 0	—	2 4 to 3 8
Mutton	2 8 - 4 0	—	3 0 - 4 6
Lamb	4 8 - 5 8	—	5 0 - 6 0
Veal	2 8 - 4 0	—	3 0 - 4 4
Pork	2 8 - 4 0	—	3 4 - 4 2

\* To sink the offal, per 8lb.

### FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Tuesday, April 29.  
F. S. A. FRANCE, Lambeth-walk, Lambeth, clothier, to surrender May 8, June 5; solicitor, Mr. Stodart, Raquet-court, Fleet-street; official assignee, Mr. Bell, Coleman-street-buildings, Moorgate-street—J. C. RIBB, late of Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, wine merchant, May 9, June 13; solicitor, Mr. Jerwood, Ely-place, Holborn; official assignee, Mr. Whitmore, Basinghall-street—C. HOLTHOUSE, Great Tower-street, sugar broker, May 9, June 13; solicitors, Messrs. Hill and Mathews, Bury-court, St. Mary Axe; official assignee, Mr. Cannan,

Birchin-lane, Cornhill—J. BULLOCK, Bristol, innholder, May 14, June 11; solicitor, Mr. Barker, Bristol; official assignee, Mr. Hutton, Bristol—J. HILL, Saltash, Cornwall, miller, May 19, June 19; solicitors, Messrs. Edmonds and Sons, Plymouth; and Mr. Stordson, Exeter; official assignee, Mr. Herniman, Exeter—J. TAYLOR, Bradford, Yorkshire, worsted spinner, May 14, June 17; solicitors, Mr. Northwood, Bradford; and Messrs. Courtenay and Compion, Leeds; official assignee, Mr. Hays, Leeds—J. SMITH, Lincoln, joiner, May 21, June 11; solicitors, Messrs. Joy and Tabourin, Norwich; official assignee, Mr. Toynbee, Lincoln; and Mr. Stamp, Hull; official assignee, Mr. Carrick, Hull—J. EMERY, Preston, Lancashire, innkeeper, May 29, June 1; solicitor, Mr. Blackhurst, Preston; official assignee, Mr. Mackenzie, Manchester.

### Friday, May 2.

BANKRUPTS.—W. BURNBOWS, Park-street, Islington, surgeon, to surrender May 14, June 13; solicitor, Mr. Cooper, Old Cavendish-street, and Gray's-inn-square; official assignee, Mr. Graham—J. WOODIN, Natidale-street, Islington, upholsterer, May 9, June 13; solicitors, Messrs. Tucker and Jones, chambers, Threadneedle-street; official assignee, Mr. Cannon, Birchin-lane, Cornhill—R. SHEPARD, Norwich, commission agent, May 10, June 15; solicitors, Mr. Jay, Bucklersbury; and Messrs. Joy and Tabourin, Norwich; official assignee, Mr. Pennell, Guildhall-chambers, Basinghall-street—W. JACKSON, Orchard-street, Portman-square, painter, May 13, June 10; solicitor, Mr. Letts, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn; official assignee, Mr. Edwards, Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street—W. ARLEY, North Burton, Yorkshire, miller, May 14, June 11; solicitors, Mr. Tweed and Mr. Bell, Hull; official assignee, Mr. Carrick, Hull—W. B. HARRISON, Chorlton-upon-Medlock, Lancashire, bleacher, May 13, June 4; solicitor, Mr. Cobbett, Manchester; official assignee, Mr. Pott, Manchester—T. CURRIE, and K. E. RAWLE, Bristol, wine merchants, May 16, June 14; solicitors, Messrs. Abbot and Lucas; official assignee, Mr. Acraman, Bristol—J. M'MURRAY, Liverpool, merchant, May 9, June 6; solicitor, Mr. Brotherton, Liverpool; official assignee, Mr. Turner, Liverpool.

### BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.  
On the 23rd of April, at Writtle-park, the Honourable Mrs. Frederick Petre, of a son and heir.  
On the 23rd, at Castle Ashby, Northampton, the Lady W. Compton, of a son.  
On the 23rd, Lady Knighton, of a son, stillborn.  
On the 25th, at 33, Lower Brook-street, the wife of William Leveson Gower, Esq., of a son.  
On the 25th, Lady Parish, of a daughter.  
On the 25th, the wife of the Honourable J. C. Dundas, of a daughter.  
On the 28th, at 103, Westbourne-terrace, the wife of B. Cobden, Esq., M.P., of a daughter.  
MARRIAGES.  
On the 22nd of April, at 2, Moray-place, Edinburgh, Edward Stanley, Esq., Captain, Fifty-seventh Regiment, second son of the late John Bacon Stanley, Esq., of Dublin, to Jeanette Edmondston, daughter of the late William Balfour, Esq., of Tremat, Captain, R.N.  
On the 23rd, at Knowlton, the Reverend Frederick Tulse, jun., incumbent of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Edinburgh, to Frances Anne, second daughter of Rear-Admiral Hughes D'Aeth, of Knowlton-court, Kent.  
On the 23rd, at Langley, Bucks, Captain Warth, R.N., to Elizabeth Ann, eldest daughter of the late George Booth, Esq., of Englefield-green, and South-end Manor-house, Langley, Bucks.  
On the 24th, at St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth, Howell Gwyn, Esq., M.P., of Baglan-house, Glamorganshire, to Ellen Elizabeth, only daughter of John Moore, Esq., of Plymouth.  
On the 24th, at Ford, in the county of Northumberland, the Reverend W. D. Morrice, M.A., curate of Westbury, Wilts, to Sarah, eldest daughter of the Reverend T. Knight, rector of Ford, R.N.  
On the 24th, at St. Mary Stoke, Charles, eldest son of the Reverend C. Cameron, to Marcia, daughter of the late Honourable Lindsay Burrell, of Stoke-park, Suffolk.  
On the 24th, at St. James's Church, Paddington, Lieutenant Percy William Coventry, R.N., son of the late Thomas Derby Coventry, Esq., of Greenlands, Bucks, to Elizabeth Jane, daughter of the late John Pearson, Esq., of Ulverston, Lancashire.  
On the 24th, at St. George's, Hanover-square, the Reverend Moulbray Northcote, brother of Sir Stafford Northcote, Bart., to Georgiana, eldest daughter of Richard Ford, Esq.  
On the 30th, at St. Peter's, Walthamstow, Captain Pelly, R.N., fifth son of Sir John Henry Pelly, Bart., of Upton, Essex, to Katharine Jane, youngest daughter of John Gurney Fry, Esq., of Hare-end, in the same county.

DEATHS.  
On the 21st of March, at Demerara, Eliza Earle, wife of W. Bertie Wolsley, Esq., Acting Government Secretary of British Guiana, in the 52nd year of her age.

On the 15th of April, the Reverend Thomas Ashley, rector of Great Shefford, Berks, and formerly Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford, aged 79.

On the 17th, at Lisbon, Lieutenant-Colonel Hugh Hay Ross, K.T.S. He had served during the whole of the Peninsular campaign, and was buried with military honours on the 19th ult.

On the 19th, at 27, Brighton-terrace, Brixton, Surrey, Mr. W. Dowton, of Exeter, aged 88.

On the 24th, aged 36, John James, Esq. (Joan Meirion), secretary of the Honourable Society of Ancient Britons, Gray's-inn-road.

On the 25th, in the Convent of Mercy, Galway, aged 95, Anna Maria, only sister of Edward Kennedy, LL.D., of Gray's-inn.

On the 25th, at Hill-hall, Staffordshire, Thomas Cartwright, Esq., one of her Majesty's Justices of the Peace, and late High Sheriff of the said county, aged 73.

On the 27th, the Countess of Radnor.  
On the 28th, in Eaton-square, Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, G.C.B., aged 81.

### BRITISH ANTI-STATE-CHURCH ASSOCIATION.

THE ANNUAL PUBLIC MEETING will be held on WEDNESDAY EVENING, May 7, at FINSBURY CHAPEL. The Chair will be taken at Half-past Six o'clock, by CHARLES GILPIN, Esq.

J. CARRVILL WILLIAMS, Secretary.  
4, Crescent, Blackfriars.

\* Lists of the May Meetings may be had, gratis, at the Office.

### MARRIAGE LAW REFORM ASSOCIATION.

Numerous applications having been made to the Association by persons intending to contract marriage with a deceased wife's sister, the Committee think it desirable, whilst Lord Lyndhurst's Act remains unrevoked, to make it known that these marriages are lawful in Prussia, Denmark, Germany, Sweden, and Norway, and all other Protestant countries of Europe, except England; in the United States of America; and, by dispensation, in all Roman Catholic countries.

Further information may be obtained gratuitously, on application to the Honorary Secretary, at the Offices of the Association, 26, Parliament-street.

JOSEPH STANBURY, M.A., Honorary Secretary.



## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Grand Extra Night.  
It is respectfully announced that a GRAND EXTRA NIGHT will take place on Thursday next, May 8, combining the talents of Misses. Montague, Mlle. Alaimo, Mlle. Caroline Dupres, Mlle. Ida Bertrand, Mme. Fiorentini, Signorini Gardoni, Calzolari, Pardini, Mercuriali, Coletti, Balanchi, Casanova, F. Lablache, M. Nacoli, and Signor Lablache, with various entertainments in the Ballet Department, in which Mlle. Carlotta Gridi, Mlle. Rosa, Signorini, All-gireux, Pascuales, Koblmeier, Signorini, and Mlle. Annalia Ferraris, MM. Charles, Venefer, Danonico, Di Mattia, Ehrlich, and Paul Tagliani.  
Application for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT-GARDEN.

Our Directors have the honour to announce that To-morrow Evening (Saturday), May 3, will be performed (for the second time this season) Auber's Grand Opera, MASANIELLO. Elvira, Mlle. Castellan; Fenella, Mlle. Ballin; Emma, Mlle. Cotti; Alfonso, Signor Luigi Mei; Borella, Signor Rommi; Lorenzo, Signor Soldi; Pietro, Herr Formes; and Masaniello, Signor Tamberlik. The Divertissement incidental to the Opera will be danced by M. Alexandre and Mlle. Louise Tagliani. Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor—Mr. Costa. Commence at Eight. Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets to be had at the Box-office of the Theatre, and of the principal Music-sellers and Librarians.

## AT MISS KELLY'S THEATRE, 73, Dean-

street, Soho, under the patronage of eminent Literary Men, on TUESDAY, May 3, will be acted, A NEW WAY TO FOLD DEBTS, by Sir Gilbert Oakes, this night only, by Charles Southwell, the well-known Lecturer and Debater; after the Play, "Sotto il Paterno Tetto," by Madame Berni; Collins's "Ode on the Passions," by Miss Ellen Feist, who recently had the honour of appearing before Prince Albert; and a popular Ballad by Mr. Lowick. Tobin's HONEYMOON will close the Entertainment.—Dress Circle, 3s.; Pit and Upper Circle, 1s. Doors open at half-past six. Performance to commence at seven. Private Boxes, inclusive of admission for eight persons, 15s.; to be had on application at the Box-office.

## M. GOMPERTZ'S NEW AND GIGANTIC

PANORAMA. Illustrating a Voyage through the ARCTIC REGION, will be EXHIBITED soon after Monday, May 12, at the National Assembly Room, St. Martin's-lane. It is a new and almost universal interest felt for the fate of the brave and devoted Franklin and his gallant crew has induced M. Gomperz (the successful exhibitor of various panoramas for the last fifteen years), to submit to the public and visitors of London the above Panorama, which has been produced on a most stupendous scale, and with the utmost attention to geographical and historical truth, embracing the scenery and incidents comprised in a voyage from England to Melville Island, the most westerly point yet reached in these inhospitable but highly-picturesque regions. To complete the illusion, the Panorama will be continuous from its commencement to the close.

## E. and W. STURGE, COAL-MERCHANTS,

BRIDGE-WHARF, CITY-ROAD.  
E. and W. Sturge, announce that their price for Best Coals is still 2s. per ton, and inform their friends and the public that they continue to give the strictest attention to all orders entrusted to their care. (Inland Coals, for keeping in all night without stirring, may be always had.)

## E. and W. STURGE, BRIDGE-WHARF, CITY-ROAD.

ROYAL VICTORIA FELT CARPETING.  
The public attention is particularly directed to this Manufacture. The carpeting combines beauty of design, durability, imperviousness to dust, and economy in price, costing half that of Brussels. It has now been in general use many years, and become well established with the trade and the public, and may be purchased at the most reasonable prices. The PATENT WOOLLEN CLOTH COMPANY, 3, LOVE-LANE, ALDERMAN-BURY, also manufacture Printed and Embossed Table Covers in the newest designs, Window Curtains, Cloths for Upholsters, thick Felt for Polishing, &c. &c. Manufacturers at Leeds, and Borough-road, London. Wholesale Warehouse, 3, Love-lane, Wood-street, London.

## THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.

THE REAL NICKEL SILVER, introduced 16 years ago by WILLIAM S. BURTON, of 39, Oxford-street (corner of Newman-street), Nos. 1 and 2, Newman-street, when plated by the patent process of Messrs. Elkington and Co., is beyond all comparison the perfect article, next to sterling silver, that can be employed as such, either usefully or ornamentally, as by no possible test can it be distinguished from real silver.

Fiddle Thread King's Pattern. Pattern. Pattern.			
Ten Spoons, per dozen	18s.	32s.	36s.
Desert Forks	30s.	54s.	54s.
Desert Spoons	30s.	56s.	62s.
Table Forks	40s.	70s.	75s.
Table Spoons	40s.	70s.	75s.
Tea and Coffee Sets, Waiters, Candlesticks, &c., at proportionate prices. All kinds of replating done by the patent process.			

## CHEMICALLY PURE NICKEL, not PLATED.

Fiddle Thread King's Pattern. Pattern. Pattern.			
Table Spoons & Forks, full size, per doz.	12s.	28s.	30s.
Desert ditto and ditto	10s.	21s.	25s.
Tea ditto	3s.	11s.	12s.

FENDERS, STOVES, and FIREIRONS.—Bright Stoves, with bronzed ornaments and two sets of bars, 42 14s.; ditto, with enamel ornaments and two sets of bars, 45 10s. to 20 guineas; Bronzed Fenders complete, with standards, from 7s. to 25s.; Steel Fenders, from 55s.; do., with rich ornamental ornaments, from 42 15s. to 10 gu.; Fireirons, from 1s. 9d. the set to 42 4s. Sylvester and other Patent Stoves, with radiating hearth-plates.

## CUTLERY WARRANTED.—The most varied

assortment of TABLE CUTLERY in the world, all warranted, is always selling at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S, at prices that are remunerative only because of the largeness of the sales. The largest stock of plated Dessert Knives and Forks, in cases and otherwise, and of the new Fish Carvers, in existence. Also a large assortment of Razors, Penknives, Scissors, &c., of the best quality.

## IRON BEDSTREDS and CHILDREN'S COTS.

A very large assortment of these Bedsteads, in iron and brass, from 16s. 6d. each; and Cots from 30s. each, fitted with dovetailed joints and patent sacking, and entirely free from screws, nails, or pins. The new Patent Portable Bedstead, 15s. 6d. each. Common Iron Bedsteads at 12s. 6d. each.

Detailed Catalogues, with Engravings of every Ironmongery article, sent (per post) free.

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S stock of GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGERY is literally the largest in the world; and, as no language can be employed to give a correct idea of its variety and extent, purchasers are invited to call and inspect it. The money returned for every article not approved of.  
39, OXFORD-STREET (corner of Newman-street), Nos. 1 and 2, NEWMAN-STREET, LONDON. Established in Wells-street, 1820.

EDUCATION (Private).—In one of the noblest mansions similarly appropriated in any midland county, 2½ hours from London, a limited number of PUPILS is received by a Clergyman, M.A. Oxon, of much experience and some literary name. Terms comparatively moderate. Admission at any period of a quarter. Address S. T. P., Churton's Library, Holles-street, Cavendish-square.

ROSSI'S MARINE TINCTURE, for STAINING the HAIR a beautiful Brown or Black, in a few minutes, without staining the skin. The tincture applied by contract if required, or sold in bottles, 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s.—Sole i-ventor, LOUIS ROSSI, Coiff. or, 354, Regent-street. Saloons for Hair Cutting and Dressing. On parle Français.

## FLOOR CLOTHS.

Best quality, warranted ..... 2s. 6d. per square yard.  
Persian and Turkey pattern 2s. 9d. do.  
Common Floor Cloth ..... 2s. 6d. do.  
INDIA MATTING; COCOA FIBRE MATS and MATTING.  
Japanned Folding Screens from 32s.  
JOWETT, Manufacturer, 552, New Oxford-street.

## THE QUEEN'S PARASOL, REGISTERED by

THOMAS EVANS and CO., Feb. 19, 1851.

"Upon the highest authority—that is, fair authority—we are enabled to state, that the existing *no plus ultra* is to be found in 'The Queen's Parasol,' which has this week exhibited itself at our office, 'and made a sunshine in that gloomy place.' It is admirable: brilliant, but not gaudy; light, but not fragile; commodious, but not clumsy. It is firm, without obliging; the parasol to become an umbrella; light, without obliging it to become a wreck."—The Leader, April 19, 1851.

To be had of all Drapers and Wholesale Houses; also at the Manufactory, No. 10, WOOD-STREET, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

## TO PERSONS about to MARRY.—Those about

to marry should obtain my guide, with designs, sent postage free, where they will see that a four-roomed Cottage is comfortably furnished for 25 guineas; a six-roomed House completely and neatly for £70; an eight-roomed House, with many elegances, and substantially, for £140; a Mansion, of fourteen rooms, furnished with the style of elegance, beauty, and durability, for which the house has obtained so large a share of public patronage, for 350 guineas. A single room or a single article at the same moderate charges. To country residents all goods delivered in any part of the Kingdom carriage free.

AT SMITH'S Cabinet, Bedding, and Upholstery Warehouses, 28, Bagnidge-wells-road, next door to Clerkenwell Police Court.

## A CARD.

C. DOBSON COLLET, late of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, Teacher of Singing. For Terms of Musical Lectures, Private Lessons, or Class Teaching, in Town or Country, apply to C. D. C., 15, Essex-street, Strand.

## COCOA AND CHOCOLATE.

TAYLOR BROTHERS' original and standard Preparations. The merit of combining, with excellence of quality, such moderate prices as brought manufactured Cocoa (previously confined to the wealthy) within the means of all classes, belongs exclusively to Taylor Brothers, now confessedly the most extensive Manufacturers of Cocoa in Europe.

Their invention of the soluble principle, carried out by improved, peculiar, and costly machinery, for power and completeness never before approached, brought prepared Cocoa to a degree of perfection previously unknown, threw the old makers and their antiquated process into the shade, and their rude and coarse productions (charged at enormous prices) comparatively out of use. This led them to imitate Taylor Brothers' peculiar and still exclusive preparations, in outward appearance only; against all such spurious imitations consumers are requested to be upon their guard, lest, by an incautious first trial, they be led into a prejudice against a beverage which eminent medical testimony has proved to be superior to either Tea or Coffee. (Vide Drs. Graham, Hooper, Pereira, and others.)

Observe particularly on each packet the name TAYLOR BROTHERS, London, whose great advantage over all other makers arises from the paramount extent of their manufacture—larger experience, greater command of markets, matured judgment in selection, and skill in preparation, enabling Taylor Brothers to offer the following articles, as regards both quality and price, upon unequalled terms, making it with Cocoa, as well as other things, the true interest of purchasers to deal with the first house in the trade.

TAYLOR BROTHERS' SOLUBLE COCOA.—The original and genuine article, highly nutritious, wholesome, palatable, and very economical; and, quality considered, incalculably cheaper than other makers, which are spurious imitations. The IMPROVED SOLUBLE COCOA, in HEXAGON PACKETS, will be found a still superior article.

TAYLOR BROTHERS' DIETETIC COCOA,—their invention and exclusive property. This admirable and unequalled preparation, in which the redundant elements and gross parts of the nut are so completely neutralized, and its nutritious, grateful, and valuable properties so fully developed, is an essential article of diet, and strongly recommended by the faculty to invalids, convalescents, and dyspeptics, as most nutritious, easy of digestion, and lubricating to the alimentary canal. Its great success has led one or two provincial makers to adopt close imitations of it in the form of package, wrappers, and labels, in order to impose upon consumers.

TAYLOR BROTHERS' HOMOEOPATHIC COCOA.—This exquisite preparation, combining, in an eminent degree, the pureness, nutriment, and fine aroma of the fresh nut, and prepared under the most able Homoeopathic advice, is especially adapted to those under Homoeopathic treatment. Taylor Brothers challenge a strict comparison between this and any of the so-called Homoeopathic Cocoa offered by makers without the requisite experience or advice.

TAYLOR BROTHERS' COCOA NIBS, in packets (the kernels of the choicest Cocoa, selected by Taylor Brothers under peculiar advantages), are purely genuine, and of full, rich, mellow flavour. The quality of this article is rarely equalled.

TAYLOR BROTHERS' CELEBRATED SOLUBLE CHOCOLATE and COCOA PASTE, delicious either as a confection or beverage. Many wretched attempts have been made to imitate these articles.

TAYLOR BROTHERS' CHOCOLATE POWDER, BROMA, SIR HANS SLOANE'S, CHURCHMAN'S, SPANISH, VANILLA, and every description of plain and fancy CHOCOLATES, will be found still deserving of their high reputation for pureness, delicacy of flavour, and beneficial properties.

TAYLOR BROTHERS' PREPARED PATENT-FLAKE and ROCK COCOA, unequalled for strength, flavour, and nutriment.

TAYLOR BROTHERS' genuine preparations, WHICH WILL KEEP GOOD IN ANY CLIMATE, may be had wholesale at the MILLS, 211, BRICK-LANE, LONDON, and retail from all Tea-dealers, Grocers, and Oilmen in the Kingdom.

CAUTION.—To prevent disappointment, see that the name, "Taylor Brothers," is upon every packet, there being many vile and noxious imitations of the SOLUBLE and DIETETIC COCOAS, calculated to bring Cocoa into disrepute.

COUGHS, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS.—KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES, which are so strongly recommended by the faculty (testimonials from the most eminent of whom may be inspected) are in daily request at this most inclement season as a safe, speedy, and most efficacious remedy for Coughs, Bronchitis, Influenza (now very prevalent), and all disorders of the chest and lungs.

Prepared and sold in boxes, from 1s. 11d. 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 79, St. Paul's-churchyard, London. Sold by all Drug-gists.

## CURE OF ASTHMA OF SEVERAL YEARS' STANDING.

"Calaiscross, near Stroud, Gloucestershire. March 20, 1850.  
"Sir,—Having been troubled with Asthma for several years, I could find no relief from any medicine whatever until I was induced about two years ago to try a box of your valuable Lozenges, and found such relief from them that I am determined for the future never to be without a box of them in the house, and will do all in my power to recommend them to my friends.

"If you consider the above Testimonial of any advantage, you are quite at liberty to make what use of it you please.

"I am, Sir, your most obliged servant,  
"Thos. Keating, Esq.,  
79, St. Paul's Churchyard.

"W. J. Taisdo."

## BEAUTIFUL HAIR, WHISKERS, EYE-

BROWS, &c., may be with certainty obtained by using a very small portion of ROSALIE COUPELLE'S PARISIAN POMADE, every morning, instead of any oil or other preparation. A fortnight's use will, in most instances, insure the most perfect properties in producing and curling Whiskers. Hair, &c., at any age, from whatever cause deficient; also checking greyness, &c.

Purchasers who have been deceived by imitations of this Pomade, under various ridiculous titles, will do well to make ONE TRIAL of Miss Coupeulle's preparation, which they will find to answer all its professions.

Sent free by post, with instructions, &c., on receipt of twenty-four postage stamps, by Miss Coupeulle, Ely-place, Holborn, London; who may be consulted on these matters daily, from two till five o'clock.

TESTIMONIALS.  
Lieutenant Holroyd, R.N., writes: "Its effects are truly astonishing; it has thickened and darkened my hair very much."

Mrs. Buckley, Stapleford: "Your delightful Pomade has improved my hair wonderfully."

Mr. Yates, Hair-dresser, Malton: "The young man has now a good crop of Whiskers; I want you to send me two pots for other customers of mine."

Mrs. Lello, Worthing: "I use your Pomade in my nursery, as I find it very useful for children's hair also."

DO NOT CUT YOUR CORNS—BUT CURE THEM.

Also will be sent (free), on receipt of thirteen stamps, her only safe, speedy, and lasting cure for soft or hard corns, bunions, &c. It cures in three days, and is never failing.

Mrs. Hughes, Sunbury: "It cured four corns, and three bunions, amazingly quick, and is the best and safest thing I have ever met with."

Address: MISS COUPELLE, Ely-place, Holborn, London.

## DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT AND BEAUTIFUL HAIR,

WHISKERS, &c. &c.

MANY Preparations for the Hair have been introduced to the public, but none have gained such a world-wide celebrity and immense sale as Miss DEAN'S CRINILENE. It is guaranteed to produce Whiskers, Moustachios, Eyebrows, &c., in three or four weeks, with the utmost certainty; and will be found eminently successful in nourishing, curling, and beautifying the Hair, checking greyness in all its stages, strengthening weak Hair, preventing its falling off, &c. &c. For the production of Baldness, from whatever cause, and at whatever age, it stands unrivalled, never having failed. One trial only is solicited to prove the fact. It is an elegantly-scented preparation, and sufficient for three months' use will be sent (post free) on receipt of twenty-four postage stamps, by Miss DEAN, 48, Liverpool-street, King's-cross, London. At home daily from ten till one.

For Children, it is indispensable, as forming the basis of a beautiful head of hair.

## AUTHENTIC TESTIMONIALS.

"I constantly use your Crinilene for my children. It restored my hair perfectly."—Mrs. Long, Hitchin, Herts.

"I have now to complain of the trouble of shaving; thanks to your Crinilene."—Mr. Grey, Eaton-square, Chelsea.

Professor Gm, on analysing the Crinilene, says:—"It is perfectly free from any injurious colouring or other matter, and the best stimulant for the hair I have met with. The scent is delicate and very persistent."

## CURE YOUR CORNS AND BUNIONS.

Those who wish to walk with perfect ease will find Miss DEAN'S ABSORBENT the only radical Cure for Corns and Bunions. It is guaranteed to cure them in three days, without cutting or pain. One trial is earnestly solicited by all suffering from such torments.

Sent post-free, on receipt of Fourteen Postage Stamps, by Miss DEAN, 48, Liverpool-street, King's-cross, London.

## GRATIS! GRATIS!

Just publishing, Eleventh Edition.

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY, a complete Compendium to the Toilet, containing an immense collection of most valuable Recipes, indispensable to the Toilette of every Lady and Gentleman. Every recipe is medically attested, and may be fully relied upon. Sent free by post on receipt of four postage stamps, by Miss DEAN, 48, Liverpool-street, Argyle-square, London.

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## FIVE MINUTES' ADVICE TO LOVERS and

HUSBANDS, SWEETHEARTS, and WIVES. By Miss EMILY DEAN. Sent post-free, on receipt of fourteen postage-stamps.

"A charming book for young people."—Lady's Newspaper. "We cordially recommend it."—Family Herald. "Is our Authoress really an unmarried lady? The advice and remarks bespeak as much experience, we fancy she must have entered that happy state."—Chronicle. "Everybody ought to treat themselves with this Shilling's worth of solid truth. We imagined on its first appearance, it would run through several editions."—Evening Herald.

YOURSELF! WHAT YOU ARE! AND WHAT FIT FOR!

Your Writing a Tree of Character.

THE Secret Art of discovering the true Character of Individuals from the peculiarities of their Handwriting has long been practised by Miss EMILY DEAN with astonishing success. Her startling delineations of character are both full and detailed, occupying the four pages of a sheet of letter-paper, the style of description differing from anything yet attempted. All persons wishing to "know themselves," or their friends, by means of this extraordinary and interesting science, must send a specimen of their writing, stating sex and age, or supposed age, of the writer, to Miss Emily Dean (enclosing thirteen postage-stamps), and they will receive in a few days a written description of the mental and moral qualities, talents, tastes, affections, virtues, failings, &c., of the writer, with many other things hitherto unsuspected.

Address, Miss DEAN, 48, Liverpool-street, Argyle-square, London.

## CURE OF FOURTEEN YEARS WINTER

COUGH by Dr. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.  
"R. mpt.-street, Tiverton—Sir,—It is now fourteen years since I caught a violent cold and a harassing cough, which retarded various medicines without effect, until about two years since I commenced taking your Wafers, when I found relief from very short time.—J. DAVEY. Witness, Mr. George Rossiter, Chemist, Tiverton."

TO SINGERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS: they are invaluable for clearing and strengthening the voice; they have a pleasant taste. Price 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d. and 11s. per box. Sold by all

DR. LOCOCK'S FEMALE WAFERS  
are the only medicine recommended to ladies. They have an agreeable taste. Price 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d. and 11s. per box. and DR. LOCOCK'S FAMILY PLEASANT AND ANTIBILIOUS WAFERS.

having a most agreeable taste. Full directions are given with every box. Price 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. per box. Beware of counterfeits.

## HEALTH, HAPPINESS, and EFFICIENCY

In the various duties of life are intimately connected. Thousands drag on a miserable existence, worried with Indigestion, half-indebted from Nervous Debility, warring with Scrofula, some minor derangement of health, are incapable of either fully enjoying the comforts of life or satisfactorily performing the duties of their station. To all such, whatever may be the nature, effectual remedy is now offered in the recent discoveries of (the debility or derangement of the nervous and vital power), and permanently invigorate the whole frame, both in body and mind. Happiness, Energy, and Longevity depend. For the better accommodation of the Public, Dr. Napier's remedies are now issued in the form of Patent Medicines, and his Neurotonic Pills may be had at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. per box. Barclay, Farringdon-street; Hannah and Co., Oxford-street; Prout, Strand, and by most respectable vendors of Patent Medicines in Town or Country. The Medicines are also made up in pills and a paper containing cases and instructions forwarded post free for Fifteen Penny Stamps addressed to DR. NAPIER, 33, MADDOX-STREET, REGENT-STREET, LONDON.

## THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

NOTICE TO VISITORS.  
Of the vast assemblages of persons who will visit the "Metropolis of the world," a large majority will have heard of the GANT TOILET REQUISITES. Among the tens of thousands who will grace the Industrial Bazaar, every nation will contribute samples of its youth, beauty, and fashion. The freewill donors of the Ball, the Public Assembly, and the Promenade, will find both personal comfort and attraction promoted by the use of Miss Dawson's Elegant Requisites.

The patronage of the aristocracy and the elite of fashion, and the confirmation, by experience, of the infallible efficacy of these Creative Renovating Specifics, have characterised them with perfection, and given them a celebrity unparalleled.

BEAUTIFUL HAIR, WHISKERS, &c.—Of all the preparations induced for restoring, improving, and beautifying the human hair, none have gained such a world-wide celebrity and it is eminently successful in nourishing, curling, and strengthening the hair, and checking greyness in all its stages, strengthening weak hair, preventing its falling off, &c. For the reproduction of hair in baldness, from whatever cause and at whatever age, it stands unrivalled, never having failed. One trial only is solicited to prove the fact. Sent free with instructions, &c., on receipt of twenty-four postage stamps, by ELLEN DAWSON, Post-office, Gray's-inn-road, London.

TESTIMONIALS.  
"I have only used two packages of your valuable preparation, and I am happy to inform you my hair, which was gone very grey, is quite restored to its natural colour."—Miss C. Tabb, 84, St. John's-street.

"I have been tempted to try several compounds advertised, but your delightful pomade certainly is the best I have ever used; it has improved my hair amazingly."—Miss Mary Clark, Belfast.

"It is now three months since I first used your Thermenene, and my hair, which was very thin, and in some places quite gone, is now much thicker and stronger than it ever was."—Miss Ellis, Trevelyan.

"I hear daily from my customers most wonderful accounts of tonishing."—T. E., Perfumer, Truro.  
For children it is indispensable, as forming the basis of a beautiful head of hair.

MISS DAWSON'S CELEBRATED ENAMEL POWDER  
FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION.—This Powder imparts to the skin a natural whiteness, youthful delicacy and softness, and is attainable by no other means. Brownness of the Neck or Arms, undue Redness of the Face and Hands, are obtained by one application of this exquisite discovery. For personal appearance, especially as it represents the unpleasantness of sensible perspiration and its disagreeable accompaniments. It will be superior to any other article for preventing that when applied to the hands so detrimental to Fancy Needle-work.

When applied to the Joints of the Arm, it prevents any Discoloration of the Dress. To Attractors and Singers it is of infinite service, subduing that Redness of the Features caused by exposure, and cooling the skin in a most delightful manner. Its cooling and soothing irritations, and removing cutaneous defects, so every toilet. Gentlemen after shaving will find it allay all irritation and tenderness of the skin, and render it soft, smooth, and pleasant.—Price 2s. per box, or sent direct by Miss Dawson, on receipt of thirty postage stamps.

BEAUTIFUL TEETH.—Miss Dawson's PERSIAN TOOTH POWDER possesses, in an extraordinary degree, the power of cleansing, polishing, and whitening the teeth, however discoloured they may be by sickness or neglect. Being composed entirely of mel, strengthening and tonic vegetable substance, it preserves the enamel, strengthens the gums, and completely eradicates the scum. The first application gives the teeth a beautiful pearly whiteness, and by constantly using the same, persons will retain a splendid brilliancy to the last period of life. Its antiseptic properties induce a healthy action of the gums, and prevent any unpleasant inflames a healthy quality imparts a pleasant fragrance to the breath, the brightness and colour indicative of perfect soundness. Price 1s. 1d. per box or sent direct on receipt of twenty-four postage stamps.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS! The only genuine article bears the name of ELLEN DAWSON on the Wrapper or Label. Address, Miss ELLEN DAWSON, Post-office, Gray's-inn-road, London.

## GENUINE ORIGINAL UNITED STATES' SASSAPARILLA.

OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S  
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 Grace the Duke of Devonshire, at Devonshire-house, receive  
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 WILLIAM HENRY WILLS, Hon. Sec.

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 the Electric Telegraph-office, and opposite Hungerford-street).  
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 "LEADER" are now removed from 265, Strand, and 9,  
 Crane-court, Fleet-street, to  
 10, WELLINGTON-STREET, STRAND.  
 At that place the *Leader* will henceforward be published. It is  
 requested that all Advertisements and Communications to the  
 Editor or Publisher may be addressed, "10, Wellington-street,  
 Strand."

London: Printed by ROBERT PALMER (of No. 3, Cheapside-terrace, in the  
 Parish of Kensington, Middlesex); at the Office of Robert Palmer and  
 Joseph Clayton, No. 10, Crane-court, Fleet-street, in the Parish of St.  
 Dunstan-in-the-West, in the City of London; and published by JOHN  
 CLAYTON, junr. of and at the Publishing-office, No. 26, Strand, in the  
 Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the City of Westminster.—SATURDAY,  
 May 3, 1851.